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For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES.

On the death of a Young Lady by Consumption.

Another flower has left its parent stem;
Not by the winds hurl'd lifeless to the ground;
No summer's sun hath scorch'd it—and there came
No rude hand there to crush it, or to wound:
Spring's rosy breath had just with sweetness crown'd
Its opening loveliness, when in his way,
Fiend-like decay the helpless victim found,
And o'er his prize exulting, hideously,
Grasp'd its frail form, and with malignant lust,
Leaf by leaf plucked and strewed, its glories in the dust!

Oh, fell disease! and thou triumphant death!
Conquerors of earth! could not one hope escape
The blasting straw of your pitiless breath?—
Where were the guilty, that ye could not keep
For such peculiar bitterness?—nor heap
On one so harmless, helpless, all your wrath?—
But, gentlest youth! moment learn to weep,
While the stern heart for tears no fondness hath,
As summer showers will inundate the lone,
Though they could scarcely mar the rugged Oak's repose.

Yet, if things earth-born yonder heaven may see,
And all its noon-day blaze of glory find,
Thou, lov'd and lost! so stainless, kind, so true
From the dark pass'ons of our humankind—
Thou hast in angel-band of Seraphs join'd!
Life was, at best, but like a dream to thee;
The beautiful, but perishing creature of a mind
Too pure for earth, yet but awhile, that we
Might gaze upon its virtues, and admire,
Ere to its skiey home, it went, to stay for ever more!

SENEX.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AFRICAN CHARACTER—PART II.

In Africa, we find the negro not only capable of mental cultivation, but to judge from the slight opportunities they have of acquiring knowledge, and the readiness with which they receive instruction, we may justly conclude that their intellectual powers would prove to be, if properly cultivated, equal to those of the Europeans. The testimony of travellers who have visited that country, prove, that notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which the native African labors, many of them exhibit evidence of intellectual talent, and benevolence of heart, that would do honor to any nation. Major Denham in an account of his visit to the Sultan Bello of Sockatoo, after speaking of his hospitable reception states, "that towards the close of my visit he began to press me with theological questions, and showed himself not unacquainted with the controversies that have agitated the Christian world—indeed he soon went beyond my depth, and I was obliged to confess, that I was not versed in the abstruse mysteries of divinity. Upon being shown the planisphere, he proved his knowledge of the planets, and many of the constellations, by repeating their Arabic names. The telescope, which presented objects inverted—the compass by which he could always turn to the east, when praying—and the sextant which he called the looking glass of the Sun, excited peculiar interest."

In the interior, they have considerable knowledge of the mechanical arts. Timbuctoo, a region entered to be an important commercial city, and its citizens are celebrated for their intelligence, and advancement in the mechanical arts. Among the articles of manufacture that are to be found in Africa, may be enumerated, leather dressed in the same style as that manufactured at Morocco, cordage, handsome cloths, firm canoe, agricultural tools, and various articles manufactured from gold, silver and steel, in which they are very skilful—indeed it is said that the cutting instruments made at Hausa, have a finer and keener edge than those manufactured in Europe; their files are also said to be superior to those of England and France.

In some kingdoms, advocates are employed, to plead the cause of those brought before their tribunals, who succeed as well as their brother advocates in some other parts of the world, in puzzling the brains and confusing the intellects of their hearers.

A writer, speaking of their public discussions and passion for poetry says, "The public discussions in Africa, called palaver, exhibit a fluent and natural oratory, often accompanied with much good sense and shrewdness. Above all the passion for poetry is nearly universal. As soon as the evening breeze begins to blow, the song resounds throughout all Africa—it cheers the despondency of the wanderer through the desert—it enlivens the social meetings—it inspires the dance, and even the lamentations of the mourner are poured forth in measured cadence."

Speaking of the poetry of the Africans, reminds me of an anecdote, which, although well known, is so beautifully characteristic of the humanity of the African slaves, and so forcibly illustrates the kindness and benevolence of woman's heart, that I cannot forbear inserting it, believing it will be read with the same pleasure that I have always experienced in its perusal.

At Bega, Mungo Park being forbidden by the King to cross the river, was viewed with distrust by the inhabitants of an adjacent village, who, believing he had some designs upon government, were unwilling to incur the displeasure of the King, by giving him shelter. "I was regarded," he says, "with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without food, under the shade of a tree. The wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of resting among the branches of a tree. About sunset, however, I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labor of the field, stopped to observe me. Perceiving that I was weary and dejected, she inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she went out and soon returned with a very fine cob, which being boiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The woman then resumed their tasks of spinning cotton, and lightened their labors with songs, one of which must have been composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a kind of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated, were these:

The winds roar'd, and the rain fell;
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under our tree—
He has no mother to bring him milk;
No wife to grind his corn.

Chorus

Let us pity the white man;
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.

Tending as this recital may appear, the circumstance was highly affecting, to a person in my situation. I was overpowered with such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my companion the last bead, with two of the four brass buttons remaining on my waistcoat; the only recompense I could make her."

Another circumstance, related by the same gentleman, gives pleasing evidence, that although in a land, where the influence of christianity had not been felt; he was treated by its inhabitants, as a man and brother, when naked, they clothed him; when hungry, they fed him; and when sick, they visited and comforted him.

Mr. Park, after having overcome many difficulties, and experiencing the general hospitality of the natives, arrived in the rainy season at Ramaia; he mentioned to its inhabitants, his intention of crossing the Jalonka wilderness, from which he was persuaded by an individual named Karfa, who, pitying his destitute condition, offered to give him plenty of victuals, and a boat to accompany him to Kamalia. Mr. Park's boat was driven by the violence of the current, and the wind, against the bank of the river, and he was compelled to seek shelter from the storm, in the hut of a native, who received him with the greatest hospitality, and entertained him with a supper of fish and rice. "Thus," said he, "was I delivered, by the friendly care of this benevolent negro, from a situation truly deplorable. Drive and famine pressed hard upon me; I had before me the gloomy wilderness of Jalonko, where the traveller meets no inhabitants for five successive days. I had observed, at a distance, the rapid course of the river Rokaro, and had almost marked out the place, where I thought I was doomed to perish, when this friendly negro stretched out his hospitable hand for my relief." The same traveller in remarking upon the character of the Africans, and the treatment which he experienced when among them, says,—"All the negro natives that fell under my observation, though divided into a number of petty, independent states, subsist chiefly, by the same means; live nearly in the same temperature, and possess a wonderful similarity of disposition. The Mandingoes, in particular, are a very gentle race, cheerful, inquisitive, credulous, simple, and fond of flattery. Perhaps the most prominent desire in their character, was that insurmountable propensity, which the reader must have observed to prevail in all classes, to steal from me the few effects I was possessed of. No complete justification can be offered for this conduct, because theft is a crime in their own estimation; and it must be observed that they are not habitually and generally guilty of it towards each other. But before we pronounce them a more depraved people than any other, it was well to consider, whether the lower class of people in any part of Europe, would have acted, under similar circumstances, with greater honesty towards a stranger. It must be remembered that the laws of the country afforded me no protection; that every one was permitted to rob me with impunity; and that some part of my effects were of a great value in the estimation of the negroes, as pearls and diamonds would have been in the eyes of a European. Let us suppose a black merchant of Hindostan had found his way into England, with a box of jewels at his back, and the laws of the kingdom afforded him no security—in such a case, the wonder would be, not that the stranger was robbed of any part of his riches, but that any part was left for a second depredator. Such, on sober reflection, is the judgment, I have formed concerning the pilfering disposition of the Mandingo negroes towards me."

"On the other hand, it is impossible for me to forget the disinterested charity, and tender solicitude, with which many of these poor heathens, from the sovereign of Sego, to the poor women, who at different times received me into their cottages, sympathized with my sufferings, relieved my distress, and contributed to my safety. Perhaps this acknowledgment is due particularly due to the female part of the nation. Among the men, as the reader must have seen, my reception, though generally kind, was sometimes otherwise. Avarice in some, and bigotry in others, had closed up the avenues to compassion; but I do not recollect a single instance of hard-heartedness in a town de ne by women. In all my wanderings and wretchedness, I never them uniformly kind and compassionate; and I can truly say, as Mr. Ledyard has eloquently and before me—"To a woman, I never addressed myself in the language of deceit, and friendship, without receiving a decent and kindly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet, or ill, they did not hesitate, like the men, to perform a generous action. In so free and kind a manner, did they contribute to my relief, that if I were dry, I drank the water thought; and if I were hungry, I eat the coarsest meal with a double relish."

"It is surely reasonable to suppose, that the soft and amiable sympathy of nature, thus spontaneously manifested to me in my distress, is displayed by these poor people as necessity requires, much more strongly toward those of their own nation and neighborhood. Maternal affection, neither empoverished by the restraints our diverted by the solicitudes of civilized life, is every where conspicuous among them, and creates reciprocal tenderness in the child. "Sorbo one," said a negro to his master, who had spoken disrespectfully of his parents, "but do not curse my mother." The same sentiment I found to prevail universally."

"I perceived, with great satisfaction, that the maternal solicitude, extended not only to the growth and security of the person, but also, in a certain degree, to the improvement of the character; for one of the first lessons, which the Mandingo women teach their children is the practice of truth. A poor unhappy mother, whose son had been murdered by Moorish banditti, found consolation in her deepest distress from the reflection that her boy, in the whole course of his blameless life, had never told a lie."

The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, a missionary, who has resided for some time in, or near Liberia; states that the natives, in the neighborhood of that colony, are much more intelligent than the colonists; that their appearance loudly proclaims that they have never been the hands of servitude, nor been subjected to that oppression, that annihilates the mental faculties of man and degrades him to the level of a brute. He mentioned, that in dealing, the natives were far superior to the colonists; that when a shipload of emigrants arrived off the coast, they expressed their satisfaction of the bargains in prospect, in the following language, "plenty fool man now; plenty fool man, got plenty money," meaning, that the newly arrived emigrants were ignorant, and that in dealing, they would take the advantage of them. Such is the testimony of those, who from close observation and personal experience, have been enabled to form a correct estimate of the moral and intellectual character of the modern African.

In my next, I propose giving a brief account, of the lives of one or more native Africans.

M. C. S.

A DAY AT CARTHAGE.

BY M. M. NOAH.

"Abdallah, tell Hafil to get the horses to the cabriolet—we will ride to Carthage."

"The horses excellency," said Abdallah, with visible surprise and astonishment. "Why not the animals?" for so he called the mules; "it is degrading such a noble creature, like the horse, to a carriage; besides, *ultumo zeme*, it is not common in this country."

Abdallah was an old Persian, who had been, for many years, *dragoman* to the consulate, and was brought to Tunis from Derne, by General Eaton.

His beard was gray and "grisly," a kind of pepper-and-salt, long and thick. Mussulmen generally appear much older than they really are; their dress, their shaven and turbaned head, their long, white beards, give to a man of sixty years, the appearance of eighty. Abdallah was the guard or porter; he was at his post always at dawn of day with a little wicker basket containing bread, a few olives, and, when in fish; and he would carefully watch the entrance, until the voice of the faithful from the minaret of the mosques, announced the setting sun and evening prayer. Hafil brought forth the mules and harnessed them to the carriage. He was the second dragoman—a noble looking Turk, of twenty-two—nearly six feet in height—an intelligent, manly face, with fierce looking mustachios—a Janissary by beard, and an air of proud defiance. He hung his pelisse of cut-and-long-fringed and many the ends of which, and the heads, were tipped with a brown juice from the *henne*—his head hung down, with a sleepy look, yet there was occasionally a fiery glance that shot from his eye—and he reared and snorted, and sprung forth with energy, as his manly rider vaulted on the high peaked Moorish saddle.

Count Camille Borgia, a Neapolitan general, and a decendant of the great Cæsar Borgia, a man of talent, and on his travels, seated himself with me in the carriage, and we passed through the heavy gates of Tunis, and entered on the level plains that lead to Carthage. It was a lovely day in May—the wild oats grew abundant, throwing their perfumes around, and perfuming the air with a thousand odours; the grass was green and high, and the olive and cornish trees were in full blossom. What a splendid climate! how pure and balsamic was the soft breeze coming down from the snow capped mountains of *Hammam Larf* and sweeping through the *gorge* across the ancient suburbs of *Mendracium*? Here was the broken line of that noble aqueduct which furnished Carthage with water from Zowan, (Zama,) the spot where the Roman great fought so long and so fought between Hannibal and Scipio. In the distance, in front, where the three hills on which the once mighty city stood in all its glory—no vestige of the splendid temple of Esculapius, or the citadel of Byrsa was to be seen. A lonely tower, erected by the good St. Louis of France, in which he died, serves to announce to the approaching ship that this was the *Promontorium Carthagea*. We wound round the beautiful promontory, it was scarcely ten o'clock, and we had the day before us. Near one of the ruins there were a few Arab tents, several camels were feeding upon the coarse herbs with unconcerned grace; mares were standing on their feet—their eyes were dark as the gazelle's, and their countenances a deep olive, tinged and burnt with the sun. We mingled sociably with these peasants; and one, whose regular features, and pretty mouth and teeth, might have enchained an anchorite, seated herself on the broken shaft of a column, and spoke freely of the refreshments we had brought from the carriage. The count was busy in sketching the scenery and objects around us, and the dragoman regaled himself with great incustance, and told the Arab girl frequently to cover her face which she laughingly neglected.

"Excellency—it is dangerous—it is not our custom. Should you be seen conversing with a Moslem woman, your life—my life—might be in danger."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Hafil; no one is present but ourselves; no one can betray us; sit down and interpret to me what the wild girl of Carthage has to say."

"Are you quite happy?"

"Certainly—I respect no—the sun that shines on you shines also on me. Our grove are the—there also are the orange, the date, and lemon tree. We weave our cloth, milk our goats, sleep in our tents as here to-day, and to-morrow may be at Bizerta. We pay tribute to the kya, and no more disturbs us."

"How prettily you talk. Were you ever in love?"

"Oh always. I love my father, he is my lord—my mother, she is my mistress; I love my brother and Nell Yousef, the sister. I love my flock. I love the sun, the sky, the sea, the stars in the heavens, the flowers that bloom around me."

She spoke rapidly, and her large, dark melting eye flashed as she spoke with wildness and expression.

"It is another kind of love to me—I am You are not married?"

"No."

"Have you a heart?"

"What is it?"

"The seat of life and happiness of pain and anxiety. It throbs and beats in unison with our feelings. Give me your hand—there; do you not feel it beat?"

"Oh so do I! I have one also—it beats just as yours; feel mine."

The dragoman was quite uneasy at the reciprocal discovery of *hearts* which *we were* making, and paced rapidly to and fro, then stopped short again to translate from the Arabic the rapid questions of the girl.

"If you had a husband, Aimee you would love him better than the old mufti or your flock?"

"No, not so; we never seek our husbands; they are brought us, and we must marry them—it is the custom; and when they are tired of us, they marry again. We are their slaves; we work for them; carry their burdens, eat when they have done, and keep awake while they sleep; Allah will haven us and we are content."

"Why should I make this poor girl unhappy by painting in vivid colours the passion of love—by exhibiting the silken chain of the heart; by breaking through the happiness of her pastoral life, and showing the picture of the world; its fascinations and attractions; its glare and glitter; its pleasures and miseries? No, I will not do it—here she lives amidst the broken columns of antiquity, serene and happy in come sun innocence and enviable purity." The girl took from the corner of her woolen mantilla, that gracefully enveloped her whole person, a few silver coin of the Cæsars; a few copper shards and some broken pieces of glass which she had dug up in the ruins, and offered to sell them to me for a piastre. I gave her a golden *mahbub* which made her eyes sparkle with delight and she bowed her thanks in a most bewitching manner.

Count Borgia had nearly finished a drawing of the spacious cisterns, still in excellent preservation, which contained the water for the use of the great city. We rose to ascend the hill and went through the subterranean apartments doubtless used as granaries, but which Lady Montague mistook for the chambers of the elephants.

"*Sah*," said the Arab girl. "I can show you from the summit Cape Tibbih and Tarbarca—it is a beautiful sight; shall I go?"

She called her goats together, and the bells of the little herd tinkled as they grouped around her, and with a sprig of the melancholy cypress in her hand, she waved it over them, and ascended with us the rough and thorny path to the tower of St. Louis. The view from the summit was inexpressibly beautiful. The blue and calm waves of the Mediterranean lay *before us* to the right, the magnificent bay and harbour; the lake and mountains to the left; at a distance of ten miles, were the ruins of Utica, and the senate house; the river Bagrada, on which Regulus killed the great serpent. We selected a shady retreat for dinner after having surveited ourselves on the beauties of a landscape and water scene which can only be imagined, not described. The cloth was spread on a piece of table linen, and the contents of the hamper emptied. The Arab girl ate a *beccafico* and the wing of a pheasant, with some confitures, and drank a glass of sherbet; the dragoman wrapped in his handkerchief an unexpected bottle of Burgundy, which, in spite of the laws of Mahomet, he emptied at a draught, in a trice. The heat was oppressive, and on preparing for a siesta, the Arab girl threw herself against a bank enamelled with flowers, and most hospitably and affectionately placed my head on her lap, and fanned me while I slept, with her cypress bough. I was restless and perturbed; the scenes around me awoke so many reminiscences in history, there so many great events, that I dreamed I saw them all before me in real and substantial existence! Methought the Arab girl led me by the hand across the ruins of a noble palace, like the Parthenon of Athens, yet more lofty and magnificent; from the portals of which issued hosts of armed men, with shield and helmet ready for the field. All was hustle, hurry and confusion. A figure like the fabled Hercules, with a brazen helmet, a shield of burnished gold, and a sword which flashed and sparkled in the sun as he waved it aloft, called aloud to arms; while the shrill trumpet sounded long and loud from the battlements. It was Hannibal who stood before me; the Arab girl beckoned me along. I could not withdraw my eyes from a figure so noble and commanding, so fearless and heroic; but what was the cause of this sudden movement, this rush to arms, this clangour of sword and shield and waving of banners? From the citadel we looked towards the *Promontorium Appolosus*, when lo, myriads of barks were making towards the cape and landing troops. It was Scipio, surnamed Africanus, who came to end the second punic war. The troops land, their battering rams—the chariots and charioteers—the old guard—the young recruits—the pikes and spears appeared like a forest—they march onward toward Zama—Scipio, the young and gentle warrior, at their head. Now the troops of Hannibal pass through the suburbs of *Mendracium*, and make for the battle; the cry of vengeance is heard, they meet, and the clash of swords and shields reverberates like thunder; they are mixed and commingled in dreadful confusion; shouts and blows, and neighing steeds, and the clang of trumpets drowning the cries of the wounded! Hark, 'tis the voice of Hannibal piercing through the din of battle!

"What ho, there, ye Gauls!—urge on your elephants—drive them through the ranks—strike your spears into their heads and sides. Ha! well done, well done. On, on my faithful Gauls—rush through the cohorts of that slave Massinissa. What! are they bends the centre of the enemy? by all the gods 'tis Scipio in person; and, therefore, on the left wing, is Lælius. Forward, forward, my *Mauritanians*. Ha! well struck; the wing gives way. No, no, they only open to wave a passage to the furious elephants; they pass within trampling the foe under foot. What squadron of horse is that galloping from the field? It is, it is the faithless *Lagurian*. Oh Mars, let me not forget, in this dark hour, that I conquered on the banks of Trebbia, and Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannæ. Up with the third line! Your pikes, Carthaginians, your pikes! Hannibal leads you on."

The cry was loud and furious—the onset dreadful. The fight was fierce and long. Scipio formed his troops in the entire line, and the cavalry of *Lælius* fell on the rear of the Carthaginians, and all was lost, carnage and confusion. The battle was lost, and Carthage was the prey of the victor. Methought I saw Scipio *Emilianus* invest Carthage, and the third Punic war. Asdrubal commands the citadel; the splendid temple of Esculapius is one sheet of fire, and the noble wife of Asdrubal throws herself into the flames. I hear the shouts of the victors—the crash of the falling columns; the *Rome* of fire and smoke, which cracks in all directions, the shrieks of women; the imprecations of the deserters and mercenaries broke with horrid yells on my ear, and I started on my feet in this terrifying dream. How changed was the scene! The sun, in mellow tint, hovered over the mountains of Hammam Lerf and the flamingoes was sailing through the calm air, his golden feathers glittering in the rays of the glorious luminary; the bees were humming around me, and fluttering on the wild rose bushes; the mules freed from their harness, were lying where once stood the triple walls of Carthage; the dragoman, Ica faithful sentinel, rested on a broken plinth of *rare antique* marble; Count Borgia was nearly arranging the drawings in his portfolio, and the wild Arab girl, not the least interesting in the group, had collected her little flock around her, and was preparing to lead them to the tents of her tribe in the valley below. How silent, how still, how desolate was the spot on which a mighty city once stood, and millions moved in bustling activity! Where are the gallant spirits who led the cohorts to battle and victory? Where was the lovely Queen who founded this great emporium? Where were Cato, Jugurtha, and Scipio? Where, in later times, Lancaster, St. Cyprian, St. Louis of France, and Charles the Fifth? Their footsteps had pressed the soil on which we now stood—the corroding hand of time was on them; the air, the sky, the sun and the sea were the same; yet they were gone. So it has ever been—so it will ever be. Ambition—proud, anxious restless ambition—might here receive a salutary lesson.

The coachman cracked his whip, and the carriage rattled by the broken arches of the noble aqueduct destroyed by the Goths and Vandals, and we entered Tunis in the soft and mellow twilight, as the faithful were repairing to the mosques for the evening prayer.—*Mirror.*

Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

At the close of one of these festivals—a ball given preparatory to the departure of the Emperor for a new campaign, a *fete*, (in offence to the Montmorencys, the Amilles, or the ramonets,) as graceful and brilliant as the more legitimate Courts of Fontainebleau ever witnessed—the gay circle was dissolved, the lights extinguished, state apartments to sanctum that all was safe, and retired in their turn to rest. Nothing remained in evidence of the chilliness but the Captain of the Guard pacing his post, the imperious guardian of *faction* in the various quadrangles of the palace, with here and there a light streaming from the windows of some sensitive or staircase, such as in the abode of even the most frugal and self-accurate of sovereigns—of a cabinet-king, for instance—gives evidence that there must be no night within the purlieus of a palace—that perpetual vigil is indispensable to secure the safety of an anointed head!

All was quiet, save the tinkling of the Fountain of Ulysses in the great court, and the harsh croaking of the frogs in the adjoining lake; when, on a sudden, a slight tumult became perceptible in the *Cour de la Fontaine*; and a few stragglers in complete dishabille, were seen hurriedly traversing the corridors leading to the *Aile des Princes*. Sentries were challenged, and gates unclosed! The stir and bustle increased. Corvisart, the Emperor's favorite physician, had been hastily summoned from his bed;—what, what could be the matter? Was Josephine, worse? Had she fainted? Had the pent-up mutinied repudiation had thrown into hysterics, again attached with *migraine*? Had Madame Mere fasted too long over her beads? Or was the Princess Borghese suffering from some of her imaginary heart-aches, or head-aches? Vain toil to guess! Some hundred or so of young and fanciful beauties, just then lodged under the parched roofs of Fontainebleau, were enough to afford practice and perplexity to Galen and all his sons.

But it was not for the sake of anything in the shape of female ailment that Corvisart was hurried by Wairchan himself—that Constant would have presumed to steal down the little circular staircase leading from the Emperor's apartment to the *Cabinet Topographique*, where on the eve of his departure for the grand army, he was engaged in investigating a map, pricked out subsequently to the Military Council of the morning, by the hands of Baron Fain and Baron Bacler d'Albe.

Leaning over a table overhung by a shaded lamp, and covered with maps and plans, Napoleon's attention was engrossed by the entry of no less a personage, than a single knock at the door announced some privileged person; and with a face foreselling the nature of a tragic volume, the *premier valet de chambre* made his appearance.

"What is the matter, Constant?" cried the Emperor hastily, apprehending he knew not what from this unprecedented interruption.

"Sire, with your Majesty's gracious permission I have ventured to intrude, to order——"

"Speak, then! Speak out—is the post!—What has happened?"

Cardinal Caprara, Sire, is expiring"——

"*Apres?*" inquired Napoleon calmly insinuating his forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and regaling himself with a pinch of snuff as irreverently as if the "apres" of the act of dissolution of a member of the Sacred College could possibly be within the precognition of a valet de chambre!

"Sire! your Majesty's goodness will I trust, pardon my officiousness; but I consider it my duty to request your Majesty, anxious to the fatal catastrophe, that——"

"Bah!" again interrupted the Emperor—never so completely "*le petit corporal*," as with a military map before him, and a perspective of triumph opening from its indications.

—"That his eminence has fallen a victim to *poison*," continued Constant, satisfied that it was his business to persevere in his relation.

"*Tu jouses!*" ejaculated Napoleon, turning round short on the valet de chambre.

"*Ta jouse!*" repeated Fain. "Poisoned in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau!—a Prince of the Holy Roman Church—the Nuncio of the Pope—poisoned!—*Quelle horreur!*"

This becomes serious," said the Emperor, coolly. "Who is with him?—Who has been sent for?"

"The Bishop of Meaux, Sire, is with his Eminence."

"A Bishop!—why not a physician?—Where is Corvisart—where is Ivan?"

"And the Armourer of Her Imperial Majesty," continued Constant, "is about to administer"——

"Extreme Unction, no doubt! when an emetic might prove the Cardinal's salvation."

"Meanwhile, if your Majesty will permit me to observe," said the aid-de-camp, abruptly, "this unfortunate event may lead to most calumnious conclusions. Cardinal Caprara possesses the personal regard and confidence of His Holiness, and his mission to France, bearing reference to an delicate and personal a question, inferences might possibly arise."

"You are right!" cried the Emperor. "I should be on the spot! and the more so that the Cardinal appears to be surrounded by a tribe of fools, more idiotic, if possible, and old-womanish than himself. Constant,—my hat. He is waiting in the library till my return."

And having hurriedly traversed the corridor leading from the Royal library to a small door opening under the grand stair-case of the *Fer a Cheval*, the Emperor hastened across the court of the two intervening quadrangles with such rapidity, that the sentry at the first post had scarcely carried his hand to his musket to present arms, when his majesty reached the second. All was in confusion round the entrance, and on the staircase leading to the Cardinal's apartments. The doors of the ante-chamber stood wide open, and two *garcons de bains* were squabbling in the saloon; every person in authority having fled, and the wild Arab girl, not the least interesting in the group, had collected her little flock around her, and was preparing to lead them to the tents of her tribe in the valley below. How silent, how still, how desolate was the spot on which a mighty city once stood, and millions moved in bustling activity! Where are the gallant spirits who led the cohorts to battle and victory? Where was the lovely Queen who founded this great emporium? Where were Cato, Jugurtha, and Scipio? Where, in later times, Lancaster, St. Cyprian, St. Louis of France, and Charles the Fifth? Their footsteps had pressed the soil on which we now stood—the corroding hand of time was on them; the air, the sky, the sun and the sea were the same; yet they were gone. So it has ever been—so it will ever be. Ambition—proud, anxious restless ambition—might here receive a salutary lesson.

The coachman cracked his whip, and the carriage rattled by the broken arches of the noble aqueduct destroyed by the Goths and Vandals, and we entered Tunis in the soft and mellow twilight, as the faithful were repairing to the mosques for the evening prayer.—*Mirror.*

But when, in another room, Napoleon penetrated into the bed-chamber, there no making the symptoms of the Nuncio for those a mention!—Churchmen and Layman—*gourmandaucret*—short necked or lone—it was no ordinary ase such had ventured his chin: as livid, his lips as black, linaments so distended, nay, his eyes so fixed and deadened even the exercise of the Emperor produces a cast of countenance in the mortified!

"Alas! alas! dying on a consolation of the Church!" sighed the Bishop Aux, as he let fall upon the coverlid the hand he is holding in his own, in the hope of discerning signs of amendment.

"Dying before half their of his mission were accomplished!" murmured nineveh's Secretary, who had expected a find his oracles in the affair requested with a full bumpkin.

"Dying in a foreign cy, so far from our *bella Italia*!" faltered a poor Neapolitan of his suite, who had crept towards the and was blubbering unheeded on the threshold.

"What was served to dinner at supper?" inquired Napoleon of the latter, rapping smartly on the shoulder, ere his own entrance to the administering to the dying man, soon hung their whole attention on his countenance.

"*Mio, ahi!*" sobbed the Neapolitan, looking up, and trembling with consternation perceiving by whom he was so cavalierly accosted—*addrizi di Dio!*—Sua Maesta!"

"Ask you what was eaten his eminence at supper?" persisted the Emp. Answer quickly and briefly for his sake and your."

"Mushrooms, Sire!" mixed Fain, who had already obtained from the *Cuisinautre d'hotel*, the desired intelligence. "*Les Champignons a l'huile, a l'Italienne*, by his own cook."

"*Capitons!*" ejaculated sparte, all the Corsican kindling in him at the words a genuine Orange is to be found on this side the!" They have poisoned him with some poisons in!—*Des Oranges sautes a l'huile!*—Let Paulet be instantly sent for. It may not yet be too late to try a counter-."

A sad satisfied that a supp mushrooms would afford a very natural cause to many Europe, for the sudden demise even of a Cardinal, Emperor returned to his surveys as specially to lighten them.

"So, then, *Monsieur le Pr*" cried he, seizing Constant by the ear as he trued the *Bobadeque*, where the valet-de-chambre was trying to enter the topographical study,—"You thinker, it seems, to break in upon my privacy, because cursed poison chooses to over-eat—hein!"

And Constant, discovering in an instant from the familiar mode of his Imperial Mty's address, that he could depend Cæsars in no real dar, and was no little pleased to find the case less urgent she had been led to expect, ventured to reply, that "any time, under such circumstances, he would show moderation."

Another time, under such circumstances, (if ever another such should be found so palace, of sufficient ingenuity to serve up mushrooms in an entremet) do not let came into request that Napoleon has joined his life *d'enchampignonner*, in dying the nature and properties of mushrooms, and not interrupt me, *lui* the speculandis has done in so."

"See Doctor Paulet at once, before he quits the Cardinal, that you may be posed with particulars when you wake in the morning," a Napoleon 's fatal admonition, when, having officiated his master's toilet, Constant was about to retire for night to receive the same service from his own valet-de-chambre, leaving the door of the Imperial Chamber to guardianship of the faithful Roustan.

Unhappily, further intelligence on the subject awaited the *revil* of the Emperor 'no words from Constant would have sufficed to acquit the world that Paulet had administered an antidote, against the Cardinal was out of danger; but while a page the Household was offering formal condolences and mutual complaisance to the Secretary of State, Church, on the part of their Imperial Majesties the Duc d'Otrante arrived from Paris, and was ushered to be admitted to audience of the Emperor!—the Duc d'Otrante,—the Joseph Fouche,—the Minister of Police,—whose name has so damned to everlasting fame, in France, as the able ignator of a system of espionage, unique in the annals its efficiency; and who was at that period forestalling decrees and projects of Napoleon, by preparing the way for his divorce, and the formation of a more suitable matrimonial alliance.

"This is sad affair, Sire!" the Cardinal Caprara," observed the *Chef de Police*, when completed the treasonable actions which had incurred hisjourney from the capitol

"*Sad!*" reiterated the Emper. "I understood from Constant that Paulet answerd for his life!"

"I died Doctor Paulet, Sire, as I entered the *Cour d'Honneur*."

"Well!"

"He assured me that there were no grounds for alarm, —that in a day or two his Eminence would be as well as ever."

"And capable of supping a second time on a ragout of *fresines Oranges?*—Jackass!"—

"But is it proved, Sire, that a mushrooms were pernicious?"—

"*Proved!* You should have seen the Cardinal's face!—*purple as his stockings!* Many an unfortunate *gamin* has been deposited in the dead-room of the Morgue, *with less* as much life in his frame!—*Pernicious!*—Nothing but Paulet could have saved him!"

"Your Majesty must have been misinformed, I admit him to have been; but my people have received me they have procured evidence that the mushrooms picked and selected yesterday, at the Cardinal's own suggestion, during a promenade to the Rocher de Montigny, were of the true *vraie* Orange species. It terrible misfortune, that choosing to be seen entering the palace gates, charged with a pannier of mushrooms like the *bonnet* of a market gardener, intended them accordingly to the hand of a wood-cutter working near the spot, who engaged to convey them to the Cardinal's kitchen. By this individual, they were assuredly changed on the road."

"Bah!" cried the Emperor. "Would you and your *mouchards* have me believe Caprara is so sufficiently great man to be the innocent cloaking of wood-cutters of Fontainebleau? Poison a Cardinal! They could do no more for me!—Besides, the people of these cantons still smack of Bourbon patronage, and are as jons as the purlieus of the Faubourg St. Germain. I would warrant every knave of them to lose the hem of the petticoat tail of the smallest member of the sacred conclave. Poison a Cardinal! They would as soon think of decoying St. Peter!"

"Nevertheless," purmed Fouche, "my agents assert that Cardinal Caprara is detested as the supposed bestor of his Highness's promised of destruction to the project of your Majesty's divorce," (invo-untarily Napoleon turned his eyes towards the door affording access to his apartments,) from those of the susceptible Josephine:] "no need I remind you, Sire, that the extreme popularity of the Empress——"

"I know, I know" interrupted Napoleon, who was indeed aware that the rumour of his repudiation of Josephine, had created a most unfavorable impression throughout the kingdom. "But do you presume to insinuate that the French people have entered into a conspiracy to poison Caprara, for having been the more zealous envoy of Pius VII!—*Que diable!*—Josephine's party must, in that case, be stronger and more redoubtable than I have ever had cause to think it!"

"The young man pointed out to suspicion as the bearer of the mushrooms from Montigny to the Palace," resumed the Duc d'Otrante, repressing the energy of his Imperial master, by proceeding at once to *facts*," to one to whom the attention of my people at Fontainebleau has been previously directed, as dangerous and involved in mysterious connexion a."

"Under surveillance, then?"

"Under surveillance."

"And yet employed in the public works? Why, under such circumstances, allow him to be released in the Inspectorate of the Royal Forests."

Fouche replied only by a smile, tantalizingly implying, "To keep him under the cognisance of the Police."

"True!" replied the Emperor, replying to this tacit reply. "But it might be desirable that your people kept their *hands* as well as their eyes upon a fellow, instead of leaving him at liberty to spoil the supper and night-rest of a Prince of the Church. *Corpette!* These mushrooms may yet chance in figure in a papal bull!"

The breakfast hour was now approaching, the one of all the four-and-twenty when Napoleon was most accessable to familiar intercourse: and Fouche seemed to profit by his increasing good humour in order to push still further the conversation.

"In the apprehension that an unfavorable view of the affair might reach the Court of Rome," said he, "I have already caused this young man, this Guillot to be arrested. It is a token of respect due to the rank of Cardinal C paras"

"Respect due to a broomstick!" muttered the *Petit Corporal*.

"Which motive might perhaps be held insufficient," pursued Fouche; "but that in spreading a net over a minnow, I hope to secure as fine a rock salmon as ever waged a fin within the meshes of the Police.

"Ah!" cried Napoleon, who had been traversing the room, and now stopped short opposite the official operative, who might be called (as Victor Hugo terms our English bargeman) "*the round right arm!*"

"Within the last six weeks," continued Fouche, "a mannerless guest near the ferry of Valvin, which your Majesty once entertained the idea of hiring, that that the situation was scarcely secluded enough for the purpose) as a residence for Madame de——"

"I know, I know!" hastily interrupted Bonaparte, vexed to find the organization of his secret Police so admirable, that not even a casual expression of his own could escape its scrutiny. "Who lives there now."

"The English *detenu*, Sire!—Monsieur le General R——"

"*An English family at Fontainebleau?* An English *detenu*—an English General Officer! You must have planned this for my especial annoyance! *Sacre nom de Dieu!*—Have I not expressly desired that those people might be kept out of my way? Last year, as we drove near the bridge at Vernon, on our way to Mayence, had not the English prisoners the audacity to greet me with hisses, and opprobrious epithets?"

"The object of my visit here, Sir," said Napoleon, his *hauteur*, returning as he foresaw this determination on the part of his lieut.," was to express my satisfaction that the officer—a brother soldier—should have escaped the snares laid for his honour by the deposed family of Bourbon; a circumstances which transpired this morning, in the seizure of certain papers belonging to a young traitor, who should bear a less noble name; or pursue a less ignoble line of conduct."

"You allude of course, to Count Julius de la Roche Allier," replied the General with a coolness amounting to irony. "But I am at a loss to understand in what manner my connexion with him can have become interesting to the existing Government of France."

"I allude," interrupted Napoleon, "to your refusal to become a party in a conspiracy planned by the traitors at Hartwell, and confided to the intermediation of Count Julius de la Roche Allier; who has been arrested on his route to the hazards of their arduous vocation.—Andre, whom the Americans hanged, has a monument in the Royal Abbey of Westminster."

"My *gout Empehe!* which of your hangers-on has regaled your wounded vanity by that piece of information?" inquired the Emperor, laughing heartily at the fact so long concealed by his *chef de moucherds*. "But no matters to be read by his *chef de moucherds*. "But no matters! What have you done with the individual?"

"Sent them forward to Bicetre."

"Have you reason to suppose he has connexions in the Faubourg St. Germain."

"The most important!—nay, suspicions point at the

LINES written on board the ship Algonquin, in the Bay of Delaware, June 21st, 1835.

BY THOMAS POWER.*

Adieu, Columbia! I have mark'd thee well!
Nor yet for ever do I leave thee now:
And busy thoughts of thee my bosom swell,
And thronging recollections load my brow,
For I have wander'd through thy eternal woods,
Have dream'd in fair St. Lawrence's Isle,
Have breasted Mississippi's hundred floods, [smile.
And woo'd on Allegany's top Aurora's waking

And now we part, the ship is flying fast,
Her pathway deck'd by wreaths of whirling foam,
And all the swelling sails that bend the mast
Obey the flag, that flattering points "to home."
Home! home! that tender word let me retrace,
And bid each letter conjure o'er the sea
Each cherish'd wish and every well known face,
To banish thought of those from whom I flee.

Yet shame I not to bear an o'er-full heart,
Nor blush to turn behind my tearful eyes,
'Tis from no stranger coast I now must part,
'Tis to no strangers left I yield these sighs—
Welcome and home were mine within this land
Whose sons I leave, whose shores fade fast from me,
And cold must be mine eyes and heart and hand,
When, fair Columbia! they turn cold on thee.

*The distinguished Irish comedian.

Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY, JULY 4.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot decide upon the propriety of publishing the article No. 1. from Medicus, until we are furnished with some succeeding numbers. If the author has two or three papers already prepared, we shall be obliged to him if he will send them to our office for examination; if not, we will await his leisure.

"The Polish Maniac," is one of the best articles which we have read, from the pen of the writer. It shall have a place.

The sentiment from C. C. needs the sanction of a responsible name.

Ecosque is welcome. We hope she will be no stranger in our columns.

"Isabel of Aurora," is on file for publication.

We shall endeavour to make room for "A Leaf from an unpublished Novel," shortly.

"Germane," "S. D." and "Z." we respectfully decline.

The western papers speak of a destructive insect called the *Army Worm*, which has committed great ravages in the grain fields of that section of the country. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, dating from Anderson township, mentions that the Army Worm has made its appearance in that neighbourhood to an alarming degree. He mentions a meadow of eight acres, belonging to himself, that has literally been devoured by them, and they were on the march in quest of other subsistence. Great fears were entertained among the farmers, as to the probable extent of the ravages of this worm. When first discovered, it is said to be about an inch in length, rather slender, of a dark brown (varying to black) with white streaks on the side—the head of an amber colour, and as hard as flint. In five or six days' time they acquire the full size, and are then upwards of two inches in length. At this period, it is said, one of these worms will eat a large blade of grass in a couple of minutes. Wherever they appear, it is in great force, and hence are called Army Worms.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.—The July number of the Casket, just published, is embellished with a beautiful engraving of the Village School in an Uproar, from a splendid painting by Richter, one of the handsomest steel plates that has ever appeared in the work. Also, with an engraving of the Medical College, of Ohio, and a view of the Ohio River, near Wheeling. The reading contents are diversified, and comprise tales, essays, sketches, extracts from new works, poetry, &c.

The August number of this work, will be embellished with a new plate of the latest fashions, handsomely colored.

"The Vision of War," a poem, by H. S. Gibson, has just been published by Messrs. Kay and Brother. Most of our city readers, we presume, have heard of Mr. Gibson; and if his fame has not extended beyond the precincts of Philadelphia, it is not because Mr. G. has been sparing of his rhymes. The Vision of War, is dedicated to the Hon. Daniel Webster—a very *peaceable* man, by the way—who is the author's candidate for the Presidency, and to whom a copy of the work is promised "as soon as an opportunity may occur."

The subject of the poem is very appropriate to the times, and the book ought to sell. Permission to read the dedication alone, is worth more than the price of the book, and we are quite sure no one will peruse the poem, without being satisfied that the author is a poet of no small pretensions.

Cooper's new work, the Monikins, will shortly be published by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, have just published, in a large octavo, Simondi's history of the Fall of the Roman Empire, a work of high authority on the subject of this most important of all political convulsions. It embraces a period of time from the beginning of the fourth to the end of the tenth century, with reference to the condition of Rome during the first, second and third centuries. All the leading events of the Empire during that time, are faithfully recorded, in a style at once clear, concise and deeply interesting.

We have not leisure this week for a particular notice, but are satisfied that the work needs no eulogium. We shall recur to the subject again.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Co. are about to publish a work entitled "Sketches of Indian Life, and habits, taken during an expedition to the Pawnee tribes, by John T. Irving, jr." The author is a nephew of Washington Irving, Esq. and if the subjoined extract affords any specimen of the quality of the whole, the work will unquestionably be read with interest.

THE LEGEND OF THE SALINE RIVER.

Many years since, long before the whites had extended their march beyond the banks of the Mississippi river, a tribe of Indians resided upon the Platte, near its junction with the Saline. Among these was one, the chief warrior of the nation, celebrated throughout all the neighbouring country, for his fierce and unsparing disposition. Not a hostile village within several hundred miles, but waited for those who had fallen beneath his arm; not a brook, but had run red with the blood of his victims. He was forever engaged in plotting destruction to his enemies. He led his warriors from one village to another, carrying death to the inhabitants, and desolation to their homes. He was a terror to old and young.

Often, alone and unattended, would he steal off, to bathe his hands in blood, and add new victims to the countless number of those whom he had already slain. But fearful as he was to the hostile tribes, he was equally dreaded by his own people. They gloried in him as their leader, but shrank from all fellowship with him. His lodge was deserted, and even in the midst of his own nation he was alone. Yet there was one being that clung to him, and loved him, in defiance of the sternness of his rugged nature. It was the daughter of the chief of the village; a beautiful girl and graceful as one of the fawns of her own prairie.

Though she had many admirers, yet when the warrior declared his intention of asking of her father, none dared come in competition with so formidable a rival. She became his wife, and he loved her with all the fierce energy of his nature. It was a new feeling to him. It stole like a sunbeam over the dark passions of his heart. His feelings gushed forth, to meet the warm affection of the only being that had ever loved him. Her sway over him was unbounded. He was a tiger tamed. But this did not last long. She died; he buried her; he uttered no wail, he shed no tear. He returned to his lonely lodge, and forbade all entrance. No sound of grief was heard from it—all was silent as the tomb. The morning came, and with the earliest dawn he left the lodge. His body was covered with war paint, and he was fully armed as if for some expedition. His eye was the same, there was the same sullen fire that had ever shot from its deep sunk socket. There was no wavering of a muscle in his feature; there was not the shrinking of a single muscle. He took no notice of those around him; but walked gloomily to the spot where his wife was buried. He paused for a moment over the grave—plucked a wild flower from among the grass, and cast it upon the upturned sod. Then turning on his heel, strode across the prairie.

After the lapse of a month he returned to his village clad with the scalps of men, women, and children, which he hung in the smoke of his lodge. He tarried but a day among the tribe, and again set off, lonely as ever. A week elapsed, and he returned bringing with him a large lump of white salt. In a few words he told his tale. He had travelled many miles over the prairie. The sun had set in the west, and the moon was just rising above the verge of the horizon. The Indian was weary, and threw himself on the grass—he had not slept long, when he was awakened by a low wailing of a female. He started up, and at a little distance, by the light of the moon, beheld an old, decrepit hag, brandishing a tomahawk over the head of a young female, who was kneeling, imploring mercy.

The warrior wondered how two females could be this spot, alone, and at that hour of the night; for there was no village within forty miles of the place where could be no hunting party near, or he would have discovered it. He approached them; but they were so much engrossed in their occupation, that they were unconscious of his presence. The young female finding her prayers unheeded, sprang up, and made a desperate attempt to get possession of the tomahawk. A furious struggle ensued, but the old woman was victorious. Twisting one hand in the long black hair of her victim, she raised the weapon in her other, and prepared to strike. The face of the young female was turned to the light, and the warrior beheld with horror, the features of his deceased wife. In an instant he sprang forward, and his tomahawk was buried in the skull of the old squaw. But ere he had time to clasp the form of his wife, the ground opened, both sank from his sight, and on the spot appeared a rock of white salt. He had broken a piece from it, and brought it to his tribe.

This tradition is still current, among the different tribes of Indians frequenting that portion of the country. They also imagine, that the rock is still under custody of the old squaw, and that the only way to obtain a portion of it, is to attack her. For this reason, before attempting to collect salt, they beat the ground with clubs and tomahawks, and each blow, is considered as inflicted upon the person of the hag.—The ceremony is continued, until they imagine she has been sufficiently belaboured, to resign her treasure without opposition. This superstition, though privately ridiculed by the chiefs of the different tribes, is still practised by them, and most devoutly credited by the rabble.

THE STUDENT.—The Harpers have just issued two volumes from the pen of Bulwer, the novelist, entitled *The Student*. They embrace a series of tales, sketches and essays, on various subjects, some of which were originally published in the London Monthly Magazine, and others in the annuals of the day. The author says in the preface—"although some of the contents of these volumes have appeared before, I yet trust that the component parts have been so selected and arranged as to form a tolerably symmetrical whole—each tending to maintain a unity of purpose, and to illustrate one general vein of ethical sentiment and belief. Nay, from my desire to effect this the more completely, I fear that I may occasionally have incurred the charge of repetition and tautology—although, perhaps, the fault was unavoidable, and it was necessary to repeat the deduction of one Essay in the problems contended for in another."

Most of the articles are powerfully written, and all of them bear the impress of genius. The essays, though less attractive to the novel reader than Bulwer's admirable tales, will be read with intense interest by all who appreciate fine sentiment, beautifully expressed. That on the infidelity in love, is one of the most feeling sketches we have ever perused, and it is, of itself, worth the price of the volumes.

We annex a pleasant sketch that furnishes an excellent moral.

THE TRUE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

A Moral Tale for Married People.

NEVER were two persons more passionately attached to each other than Adolphe and Celeste! Their love was a proverb. Of course it was an unhappy attachment—nobody loves heartily, unless people take pains to prevent it. The spirit of contradiction is prodigiously strong in its effects.

Adolphe was rich and noble—Celeste was noble and poor. Their families were at variance; the family of Adolphe was exceedingly ambitious, and that of Celeste exceedingly proud. Had they been the best friends in the world, their fathers would not have assented to the loves of their children—Adolphe's father because he desired a rich match for his son—Celeste's because he was too proud to be under an obligation, and he was sufficiently a man of the world to know that you are to be considered obliged when a rich nobleman marries your daughter without a dowry. Celeste's father would have married her to a wealthy parvenu that he might have borrowed his money, in spreading his condescension. For it is a maxim in good society, that no favour can be conferred by a *roturier*. Gratitude is for him to feel, if you accept his services. No sooner, therefore, was the dawning attachment of the lovers discovered, than their relations thought it necessary to be amazingly angry. There cannot be a doubt that you have an absolute right to the eyes, nerves, and hearts of your children. They have no business to be happy, unless it be exactly in the way most agreeable to yourself. These self-evident truths were not, however, irresistible for Adolphe and Celeste. Although the latter was locked up, and the former was watched, they continued often to correspond, and sometimes to see each other. Their love was no passing caprice—despite all difficulties, all obstacles, all dangers—it was more intense than ever at the end of a year. Celeste had gallantly refused two young merchants, handsome and ardent,—and a very old banker, who would have left her a widow in a year. Adolphe—the gay and handsome Adolphe—had renounced every flirtation and conquest;—all women had palled in his eyes since he had loved Celeste. But though their passion was strengthened by time, time had failed to increase their hopes of its success—they began to doubt and to despair. The rose fled from Celeste's cheek—she pined away, her lip had lost all its smile, her form shrunk from all its roundness, tears stood constantly in her eyes, and she sighed so that it went to the hearts of all the servants in the house. In fine, she fell ill,—poor girl,—she was dying for love. The more violent passion of Adolphe produced also its disorder. His pulse burned with fever, his language was often incoherent—his great-grandfather had been mad—Adolphe promised fairly to take after his ancestor.

[illegible] spoke to him earnestly. "Renounce but this illfaced love—if only for a time. Idleness is the parent of this youthful folly. I will devote half my fortune to purchase you that situation at court you have so often thought the height of your ambition. My son, you are young, bold, and aspiring; your fortunes, your fame will be secured. I willingly make you this sacrifice, provided you abandon Celeste."

Adolphe wrung the hand of his father. "Impossible!" he murmured; "one look from her is worth all the dreams of ambition." So saying, he left the room.

At length, finding they could not live together, our lovers formed the desperate design—not to live divided (it is a favourite alternative in the country in which they were born)—in short, they resolved upon suicide. I wish I had been able to obtain the letters which passed between them on this melancholy subject. I never read any so simple and so touching; if you had seen them you would have thought it the plainest proposition in the world—that persons, with any real affection for each other, ought never to be unprovided with prussic acid:—who knows but what an accident may separate them of a sudden; and to be separate!—how much pleasanter to be dead!

The lovers agreed then, to poison themselves on the same night. Their last letters were written, blistered with each other's tears. It was eleven o'clock.—Adolphe had retired to this chamber; he took up the poison—he looked at it wistfully. "To-morrow," said he, musingly—"to-morrow"—and he extracted the cork—"to-morrow—it smells very disagreeably—to-morrow I shall be at rest. This heart"—he shook the phial—"how it froths!—this heart will have ceased to beat; and our cruel parents will not forbid us a common grave." So saying, he sighed heavily, and muttering the name of Celeste, gulphed down the fatal draught.

Meanwhile, the father and mother of Adolphe were still as mute. The old butler, who had wiped his eyes when Adolphe had left the room, fidgeted to and fro, with the air of a man who has something at his heart. As his master was very hungry, and his mistress very sleepy, the good old man was heeded by neither. At length, when the other attendants had withdrawn, the old man lingered behind; thrice he re-set the glasses—and thrice he re-arranged the decanters.

"That is quite right—that will do—shut the door after you."

"Sir—yes, sir. Did you—hem."

"Did I what?"

"My young master, sir—yes, sir."

"Your young master. Well—"

"Alas! sir, I fear he is not quite right. Did you observe how he looked when he left the room?"

"*Ma foi.* I was engaged with the chicken."

"And you, madam—he kissed your hand very affectionately."

"Ah, yes (drowsily,) he has an excellent heart, *le cher enfant!*"

"And, madam, I don't like to say any thing—but—my young master has been muttering very odd things to himself for the last two or three days, and all this morning he has been poisoning the dogs, by way, as he said of experiment."

"Poison!" said the mother, thoroughly awaked—"has he got any poison?"

"Ah, yes, madam—his pockets full."

"Heavens!" cried the father, "this must not be—if he should in despair—he is a very odd boy. His great-grandfather died mad. I will instantly go to his room."

"And I too," cried the mother.

The good couple hurried to Adolphe's chamber; they heard a groan as they opened the door; they found their son stretched on the bed, pale and haggard; on the table was a phial, labelled "poison;" the phial was empty.

"My son, my son!—you have not been so wicked—you have not—speak—speak!"

"Oh! I suffer tortures!—Oh! oh! I am dying.—Leave me! Celeste also has taken poison—we could not live together. Cruel parents—we mock you, and die!"

"Recover—recover, my son, and Celeste shall be yours," said the mother, half in hysterics.

The father was already gone for a surgeon. The surgeon lived near to Celeste, and while he was hastily preparing the antidotes, his visiter had the charity to run to the house of Celeste's father, and hastily appraize him of the intelligence he had learned. The poor old gentleman bobbled off to his daughter's room.

Luckily he found his wife with her; she had been giving the *petite* good advice, and that in a very prolix babit. Celeste was impatiently awaiting her departure; she was dying to be dead! In rushed her father—"Child, child—here's news indeed!—Are you alive, Celeste—have you poisoned yourself? That young reprobate is already—"

"Already!" cried Celeste, clapping her hands—"already!—he awaits me, then. Ah, this appointment at least I will not break!" she sprang to her bedside, and seized a phial from under her pillow: but the father was in time—he snatched it from her hand, and the daughter fell into fits so violent that they threatened to be no less than fatal the poison.

WHATEVER the exaggerations of our lovers, they loved really, fervently, disinterestedly, and with all their hearts. Not one in ten thousand loves is so strong, or promises to be so lasting.

Adolphe did not die—the antidotes were given in time—he recovered. The illness of Celeste was more dangerous; she suffered poor child, a delirious fever, and was several weeks before her life and reason were restored.

No parents could stand all this; ordinary caprices it is very well to resist, but when young people take to poison and delirious fevers—*il faut céder*. Besides, such events derange one's establishment and interrupt one's comforts. One is always glad to come to terms when one begins to be annoyed one's self. The old people then made it up, and the young people married. As the bridegroom and Celeste were convinced that the sole object of life was each other's company, they hastened at once to the sweet solitudes of the country. They had a charming villa and beautiful gardens—they were both accomplished—clever—amiable—young—and in love. How was it possible they should be susceptible to *ennui*? They could never bear to lose sight of each other.

"Ah, Adolphe—traitor—where hast thou been?"

"Merely shooting in the woods, my angel."

"What, and without me! Fy! promise this shall not happen again."

"Ah, dearest! too gladly I promise."

Another time—

"What, Celeste!—three hours have I been seeking for you! Where have you hid yourself?"

"Don't look so angry, my Adolphe, I was only directing the gardener to build a little arbour for you to read in. I meant it as a surprise."

"My own Celeste! but three hours—it is an eternity without you! Promise not to leave me again, without telling me where to find you."

"My own dearest, dearest Adolphe! how I love you—may my company ever be as dear to you!"

This mode of life is very charming with many for a few days. Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely, that it lasted several months. What at first was passion had grown habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

As they had nothing to do but to look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn; and of late there had been little speeches like the following:—

"Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me—put down that odious book you are always reading."

"Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me. I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face."

"My dear Adolphe, I am so exceedingly sleepy."

One morning, as Adolphe woke and turned in his bed, his eyes rested on his wife, who was still asleep—"Bless me," thought he, "I never saw this before—let me look again—yes, certainly, she has—a wart on her chin!"

Adolphe rose and dressed himself—Adolphe was grave and meditative. They met at breakfast—the bride and bridegroom. Celeste was in high spirits; Adolphe was sombre and dejected.

"Let us ride to-day," said Celeste.

"My dear, I have a headache."

"Poor child! well, then, let us read the new poem."

"My dear, you talk so loud."

"I!" and Celeste gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived for the first time something in his eyes that surprised her. She looked again—"Good Heavens!" said she to herself, "Adolphe certainly squints."

On the other hand, Adolphe murmured, "The wart has grown greatly since morning."

It is impossible to say what an effect this fatal discovery had upon Adolphe. His thought of it incessantly. He had nothing else to complain of—but then warts on the chin are certainly not becoming.—Celeste's beauty had improved greatly since her marriage. Everybody else saw the improvement. Adolphe saw nothing but the wart on her chin. Her complexion was more brilliant, her form more rounded, her walk more majestic; but what is all this, when one has a wart on the chin! The wart seemed to grow bigger and bigger every day—to Adolphe's eyes it threatened speedily to absorb the whole of the face.—Nay, he expected in due time to see his beautiful Celeste all wart! He smothered his pain as well as he could, because he was naturally well-bred and delicate; and no woman likes to be told of the few little blemishes she is blind to herself. He smoothered his pain, but he began to think it would be just as well to have separate apartments.

Meanwhile, strange to say, Adolphe's squint grew daily more decided and pronounced. "He certainly did not squint before we married," thought Celeste; "it is very unpleasant—it makes one so fidgety to be stared at by a person who sees two ways—and Adolphe has unfortunately a habit of staring. I think I might venture to hint, delicately and kindly—the habit can't yet be incurable."

As wives are always the first in the emulation of conjugal fault-finding, Celeste resolved to hazard the hint—on the first favourable opportunity.

"Well, my Celeste, I have brought my dog to see you," said Adolphe one morning.

"Ah! down, down! Pray turn him out; see the mark of his paws. I can't bear dogs, Adolphe."

"Poor thing!" said Adolphe, caressing his insulted favourite.

"Was that to me, or to the dog?" asked Celeste.

"Oh! to him, to be sure."

"I beg you pardon, my dear, but I thought you looked at me. Indeed, Adolphe, if the truth may be said, you have lately contracted a bad habit—you are getting quite a cast in your eye."

"Madam!" said Adolphe, prodigiously offended, and hurrying to the glass.

"Don't be angry, my love; I would not have mentioned it, if it did not get worse every day; it is yet to be cured, I am sure; just put a wafer on the top of your nose, and you will soon see straight."

"A wafer on the top of my nose! Much better put one at the tip of your chin, Celeste."

"My chin!" cried Celeste, running in her turn to the glass. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Sir!"

"Madam!"

"A wart on my chin, monster!"

"A cast in my eye, fool!"

"Yes! How could I ever love a man who squinted!"

"Or a woman with a wart on her chin!"

"Sir, I shall not condescend to notice your insults. No wonder—you can't see! I pity your infirmity."

"Madam, I despise your insinuations; but since you deny the evidence of your own glass, suffer me to send for a physician, and if he can cure your deformity, so much the better for you."

"Yes, send for a physician: he will say whether you squint or not. Poor Adolphe! I am not angry; no, I pity so melancholy a defect!"

Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe, in a rage, seized his hat, mounted his horse, and went himself for the doctor.

The doctor was a philosopher as well as a physician. He took his pooey and ambled back with Adolphe. By the way he extracted from Adolphe his whole history, for men in a passion are easily made garrulous. "The perfidious woman," said Adolphe; "would you believe it?—we braved every thing for each other—never were two persons so much in love—nay, we attempted suicide rather than endure a longer separation. I renounced the most brilliant marriages for her sake—too happy that she was mine without a dowry—and now she declares I squint—And, oh, she has such a wart on her chin!"

The doctor could not very well see whether Adolphe squinted, for he had his hat over his eyes; besides, he prudently thought it best to attend to one malady at a time.

"As to the wart, sir," said he, "it is not difficult to cure."

"But if my wife won't confess that she has it, she will never consent to be cured. I would not mind if she would but own it. Oh the vanity of women!"

"It must have been after some absence that this little defect was perceived by you—"

"After absence—we have not been a day separated since we married."

"O-ho," thought the doctor, sinking into a reverie—"I have said he was a philosopher—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who would have died for each other a few months ago were not alienated only by a wart or a cast in the eye.

They arrived at Adolphe's villa—they entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and had the air of an insulted but uncomplaining wife!

"Confess to the wart, Celeste, and I'll forgive all;" said Adolphe.

"Nay, why so obstinate as to the cast of the eye—I shall not admire you less (though others may) if you will not be so vain as to disown it."

"Enough, madam—doctor, regard that lady—is not the wart monstrous—can it be cured?"

"Nay," cried Celeste, sobbing, "look rather at my poor husband's squint. His eyes were so fine before we married."

The doctor put on his spectacles—he regarded first one and then the other.

"Sir," said he, deliberately, "this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin's head. And, madam, the pupil of your husband's right eye is, like that of nine persons out of ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer his nose than the pupil of the left. This is the case, as it appears to me, seeing you both for the first time. But I do not wonder that you, sir, think the pimple so enormous; and you, madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day!"

The pair were struck by a secret and simultaneous conviction;—when an express arrived breathless to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken suddenly ill. At the end of three month's Adolphe returned. Celeste's wart had entirely vanished and Celeste found her husband's eyes as beautiful as ever.

Taught by experience, they learned then, that warts rapidly grow upon chins, and squints readily settle upon eyes,—that are too constantly seen. And that it is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when lovers, but prodigiously difficult without economizing the presence, to live comfortably together when married.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

CAPTURE OF A MORMON ANGEL.

A western paper has a curious account of a new adventure with the Mormons. Jo Smith, the High Priest and Prophet of these fanatic vagabonds, was not long since upon his proselyting expedition in Ohio, and to give more solemnity and *eclat* to his administration of the baptism, he gave notice that an angel would appear on the opposite side of the river in which the ceremony was performed, as often as the rite should be repeated. Accordingly, whenever the baptism took place, a figure in white sure enough appeared upon the bank of the Grand River, and continued there as long as the ceremony lasted. Some of the unbelievers, however, exercised themselves near the spot, and the next time it showed itself, his Ghostship, after several unghostlike attempts to escape, and after a ducking in the river to which it was driven, was taken bodily possession of, when it was found upon examination to be nothing more nor less than the Prophet himself.

Epitome of the Times.

Persons labouring under all complaints, should notice the advertisment in our columns, of Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balm. It is well recommended, and is no doubt a fair trial.

The Girard College farce, at Philadelphia—that noblest of private charities of which we have any record, and which will immortalize the name of its founder, is regularly going on. The marble is obtained from the environs of Lancaster and Montgomery, in the vicinity, and there the columns, capitals and pedestals are all to be worn by native artists.

On the 26th ult. as a car was proceeding on the Columbia R. R. a cow which had been feeding at the side of it sprang across the track, was knocked down and by the wheels of the locomotive, this threw the tender, and the second and fourth car from each. Mr. Gilbert Martin, one of the agents and one of the cars, fearing that he should be thrown, attempted to leap towards the fence—he jumped his foot caught in the rail; a car hit him a blow on the head on the track, and the next car pass killed him.

The Rioters.—See the nine blacks charged with a riot and assault battery with intent to kill Maria Congo and dare, were on Monday found guilty in the Mayor's.

Liability of Postmasters.—The Philadelphia Times has the following:—

"The proprietor of a paper last week received judgment against a Master for a paper not taken from his office of who neglected to inform him. All Postmasters who, render themselves liable, and ought to be held liable."

Every Editor ought publish this conspicuously, as well for the benefit ourselves as for their own.

American Populism.—The wife of a young man of Massachusetts, nonsent in Maine, has presented him with *four* sons in the space of *eleven* months; two at one band three at another.

Holt's celebrated Ne New York, is advertised for sale for the benefit of trustees and creditors of the establishment.

The North Carolinte Convention have decided that the Senate shonsist of 50 members, and the House of Commor 120; and that the sessions of the Legislature shall ennal instead of annual, as heretofore.

Loss of Printers.—'learn, says the New York Journal of Commerce on a gentleman who was present, that in the ca Arnold vs. Clifford, tried at Newport last week, in Story, upon an incidental point, stated that a pan on the part of a writer of a libel to indemnify printer of it, against any damage he might sus for printing, could not be enforced. Even if a b were taken, that would be void.

The New York aug papers, of Saturday, in anticipation of the launch, were received at Boston in *nineteen* hours after publication. So much for the Providence Rail Ro

A man has petitioned legislature of Rhode Island, to legitimize his *Verbidus*. We hope the name will be included the act of legitimacy. A man with such a named the other disadvantage, would never rise highsban a journeyman onion weeder.

A young lady of talents preaching at this time in Connecticut. She is of the intimative methodist persuasion.

Fatal Affray.—A recre took place on the 15th ult., at Courtland, Alabm, between Alfred Gibson and Henry P. Joyner, which the latter received a pistol shot, which almostinstantly deprived him of life. The cause of the affray ot stated. The deceased was formerly a resident Raleigh, N. C., but several years since removed to Alabm.

Death by Lightning.—We learn from the Raleigh Register, that the dwel nof Mr. William Morris, of Wilmington, N. C., was uck by lightning during a violent thunder storm o the 11th ult., and that a young lady named Elizath Hamilton, who had just arrived from the count was instantly deprived of life by the shock. She hapst got into the house, and was stricken down beforshe had time to take off her wet clothes.

A New Hit at Fanny.—The papers are advertising the *Journal of "Fanny Kimble Cutler,"* during a theatrical campaign in Aerica. Though we believe we have had full enou of the subject, the title sounds as if we might gan a laugh from this new attempt to immortalize *thbug-hater*.

The Providence Journl says—" Mr. David Webb of this city, aged 17 years on Friday last was to complete two miles in twelve minutes, on Jenk's course, (Mass.) He completed the task in 11 minutes and 40 seconds, it being 10 seconds short of the time allowed. To the astonishment of the spectators, he ran the last half mile in 2 minutes and 3 seconds.

Fatal Casualty.—The New York Courier and Enquirer says—" About three o'clock on Sunday morning, a young gentleman, aged about 18 years, son of Dr. Smith Cutter, in a moment of excitement, threw himself from his bed room window in the third story of his father's house, and falling on the stones in the yard, dashed his brains out. When found he was quite dead. The coroner on inquest found a verdict of suicide."

Terrible Death.—Two men lately attempting to cross the Niagara river at Grove Island above the great Cataract, were borne down by the current so far as to become alarmed at the prospect of being carried over the precipice. They both abandoned the descending boat and committed themselves to the waves. One of them succeeded in reaching land by the usual route, was hurried over the cataract into the tremendous abyss below and seen no more.

New Orleans taking the Lead.—The True American says: "Cooking by gas will shortly be all the rage here. Scarcely a day occurs, but a roasted leg of mutton or ham, or ribs of beef, are seen at the Arcade Exchange. It will not be three years before more gas will be used for cooking than lighting in New Orleans."

The females in Boston, who attended in large numbers as they usually do on such occasions, the execution of the Spanish Pirates, had their womanly curiosity so wrought upon to such a degree, that they had a pitch battle who should have a precedence in the choice of position most favorable to witness the revolting scene.

The editor of the Virginia Argus says—"We have been presented with a black egg, which came from the farm of Gov. Floyd, in Montgomery, and we understand was one of many others which were found in the poultry yard. We are unable to account for the color of the egg, and should be glad to hear some explanation for it. It has the appearance of an egg dyed with walnut bark, rather darker in some places.

Barnum, the veteran specure, who reigns over the destinies of his elegant hotel at Baltimore, pronounces some Salad Oil, made in Maryland, from the sun flower, of as fine a quality as any from Europe.

The Grand Jury of Richmond Co. Geo. has Mr. *Slaughter*, for foreman, and Mr. *Ketchum* and Mr. *Bottom*, assistants, and two of the members *Mr. Skinners*. Wo! to the poor culprit who falls into or attempts to escape from such hands.

The dreadful tornado at New Brunswick proceeded three hourse afterwards it appears to Little Falls, five miles west of Patterson, prostrating an orchard, one or two old houses, &c. One of the houses crushed contained twelve persons, none of whom were hurt. The tornado was accompanied with lightning.

Melancholy succession of events in one Family.—Mrs. Eliza Douglass, in Gallatin, Tennessee, who had a short time before lost her eldest son by drowning, was lately killed by lightning while sitting in her own house in the midst of her children, the house itself, which is a one story and brick, having been struck with the electric fluid on three former occasions.

The Portland Advertiser, says, the new steamer building at that place, for the route to Boston, "will go a *leetle* beyond any thing in the shape of a steamboat that ever was seen down east."

A canawler asked his captain what A. M. stood for after a man's name; to which the captain answered, with a look of great sagacity, 'why Anti-Mason, you darned fool!"

The publishers of Emerson's North American Arithmetic, part third, have offered a premium of fifty dollars for the best solution of the last question in the book. If the prize should fall to a country schoolmaster, it would double his winter's wages. The advertisement appears in the National Intelligencer.

Effect of Competition.—The fare in the line of steamboats which run between New York and Providence, which has heretofore been $7 and $8, is reduced to $1,50, meals included. In the new boat, Lexington, the fare is $4, meals extra.

Arkansas is fast advancing in the arts of civilization. There was a man hung in the territory a few days since.

A serious accident occurred at Baltimore on Saturday last. During the storm which commenced there, as here, about six o'clock in the afternoon, a number of persons took shelter in the Court House, and while there the electric fluid struck one of the chimneys, and knocked it down among the persons below. One of the bricks fell on the head of a son of Chief Justice Marshall, and fractured his skull—Medical aid was immediately procured, and the Baltimore American of yesterday says:—"We learn that though he now lies in a dangerous condition, there is nevertheless some hope that he may survive."

Something like Business.—The Columbia (Pa.) Spy of Saturday says: "We understand that the Western Transportation Company (Leech & Co.'s Line) contemplate increasing their number of boats and cars on the Pennsylvania canal and rail road. They already have employed 45 cars and 38 boats, and we have heard it stated, that they will soon put on 25 new cars and a proportionate number of boats. We wish success to their enterprise."

In the Senate of Ohio, Mr. Hawkins, one of the persons sent out by Governor Lucas in the spring to run the line as Ohio contended it should be, and who was captured by the Michiganians, has offered a serious resolution, *that the territory of Michigan be divided and apportioned equally between Ohio and Indiana!* The partition of Poland was nothing to this.

In Sweden, King Bernadotte has become Chairman of the Temperance Committee. If a man in that country violates his temperance pledge, his name is given to the church, and the prayers of the congregation are desired for him.

A mulatto child was found recently in the vicinity of Bloomington, Indiana, hanging upon a bush, alive. This new specimen of fruit was named "Moses Bush."

Peeping Tom of Coventry.—The female part of the fashionable or shopping world, have been thrown into an irresistable fit of laughter, at discovering that a fancy stays keeper in Broadway had been indulging in a most singular and morbid curiosity, impudence and spotless, that of boring holes in his floor, near the counter, and repairing to the cellar for instrumental objects, when the store was full. The rascal has been compelled to flee the country for the unmentionable offence, punishment for which it is not provided for by the Revised Statutes. The excellent domestic practice of our ladies wearing inexpressibles, has spoiled them some little mortification, and defeated the object of the rogue, who has no right to expect to see Paradise in this world or the next, after such a paltry trick.—*Noah's Star.*

Forgery in High Life.—The New York Transcript says:—"A forgery to a very large amount has been committed on the Rev. Mr. Schroeder of this city, by two young men of highly respectable connexions, one the son of Bishop ——, the other a son of the late Elisha Tibbets. Tibbets is now at Bellevue, awaiting his trial, and his companion is not arrested. The forgery consisted in affixing Mr. Shroeder's name to a bank check, which they subsequently got cashed."

The inhabitants of Wheeling, Va. in the ardent patriotism which boils over in their bosoms, have formed themselves into an independent military association, to be entitled "The Earthquake Volunteer."

The editor of the Millbourne Sentinel, in reply to the charge of being a lawyer, says that he has been a cobler, a tanner, a seller of ribbons, calicoes, tea, rum and tobacco—a pedagogue, and last, not least, an editor; but never a lawyer.

Deaths at Camp Wachita.—The following soldiers, belonging to the detachment of Captain J. D. White of the Third Regiment of Infantry, on an expedition to the Pawnee nation of Indians, died in 1834:—

Frederick Hartz, 15th July, aged 23; James Robbins, 7th July, aged 33; Maine, Patrick Burns, 5th August; William Howard, 21st August, aged 23; Antonius Kruse, 27th August; Samuel Burns, 3d Sept. aged 27; John McGee, 27th Sept.

It is a well known fact to every fireman in this city, that on Sunday morning, the 20th of June, 1831, a carpenter shop and board yard, in Thirteenth street, were entirely consumed by the devouring element, and but for the spirited exertions of the Boston Guards, at that time on a visit to this city, the adjoining houses would in all probability have shared the same fate. Now it is a similar coincidence, but not the less true, that in the same street, on Sunday morning, the 20th of June, 1835, a conflagration should break out, and consume a carpenter shop and board yard, towards the extinguishing of which the Boston Fusiliers, on a visit to this city, contributed largely.—*American Daily Advertiser.*

An unwelcome guest.—On one day last week, the wife of Mr. John Kean of this town, was surprised by finding on the floor close beside an infant, a very large brown adder which had made its way into the room unperceived, there being in the house at the time, no one but herself and three small children. She immediately seized the fire shovel and placing it upon his neck, kept him a prisoner till she had sent her little girl near half a mile for assistance, who returned with two women, the only assistance she could procure. During all this time Mrs. Kean held the snake under her shovel, when the women with an axe severed his head from his body,—he measured three feet and a half, and was of the thickness of a man's wrist.—*Hallowell, Me. Press.*

St. Anthony's Nose.—Every body knows that this is a high and conical mountain on the Hudson, celebrated for its striking beauty and near the beautiful village of Peekskill. We understand that a company of gentleman have associated for building a splendid hotel on the summit of this mountain, where there is 40 or 50 acres of table land. The salubrity of the air, and the magnificent view from the summit, will make this a most agreeable summer resort, and being near the city, access can be had at all hours. It is also contemplated to erect an observatory, where, with good glasses, we may be able to see Sandy Hook, the course of the sound, and every distant object of interest.—*N. Y. Eve. Star.*

Prosperity of the West.—The following extract of a letter from a young Scotch lady removed to the west, will give our readers some idea of the astonishing prosperity of that section of our fair country: "Since my husband and self, with our cow, sow, dog and cat came to this part, we have been highly prospered: our pig has increased five fold, our cat six fold, our dog three fold, our cow has a beautiful little companion and 'thoush last, not least in our affection,' I have presented my husband with a fine son, a little Yankee, of whom he is not a little proud. Our family now numbers twenty-two, which increase in the fruit of barely twelve months! Isn't this a country to prosper in? *We* are all 'doing well.'"

Description of an Irish Cottage.—"Tell me of the cottage, Loggin." "God bless you, Ma'am dear, you're cruel fond of hearing of cottages;—sure the history of most of them in this country is alike; a wedding, a little to begin with—a power of children and a little to give them—rack-rent for the bit of land, turned out bag and baggage for that of the tithe!—beggary, starvation, sickness, death. That's the poor Irishman's calendar since the world was a world, barrin here and there, now and then, when he gets a sight of good fortune, by mistake."—*London New Monthly.*

How to make Coffee as the French make it.—Have a coffee-pot with a lid; pour into it as many cups of boiling water as you wish to make cups of coffee: let the water boil, then put in as many table-spoonful of coffee as there are

Philadelphia Prices Current.

and Evening Herald Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicksler, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1835.

...	5 25	Sugar-house,	47
... doz	4 50	do. N York,	49
...	6 75	do. Philad.	43
...		do. Steam,	46
... lb		Trinidad,	58
... No. 1		Porto Rico,	51
...		English French Isl.	55
...	8	Hav. & Matanzas,	56
...		MACKEREL	
... ton	4 50 4 75	No. 1, bbl	7 50
...	4 50 4 75	No. 2,	7 00 7 25
...PER...Duty		No. 3,	5 37½ 5 50
...	14	OIL	
...Common,	11½ 12	Linseed, Am. from	
...Tree,	13	store,	1 22 1 25
...	11½ 12	do. from do.	1 15 1 20
...	12½ 13	Whale, gal.	43
...	13½ 14	Sperm, winter,	95 1 00
...TON...Duty 2		do. summer,	90
...pounds,	17	PAINTS, ENGLISH	
...	18	In Oil, ton	0 0 0 0
...in and Tea,		In Dry,	0 0 0 0
...and Gun,	17½ 19½	PEARL ASH,	
...Cut and	17½ 20	1st sort,	4 37½ 4 37½
...EIGHTS,		Flaxseed, rough,	1 90
...Elizabeth, perpendi.		do. clean, cask	
...Cut,	3 12½ 3 00	Timothy, do. bush	1 50 2 75
...RD and MEAL,		Herds, bush	
...ther, bbl	6 75	Orchard grass,	2 00
...	6 50	WHISKEY,	
...	4 62½	Philadelphia,	27 30
...ling,	3 00 3 25	do. bbls	30½ 32
...ia small,	4 00	do. from wagons	34
...ia in bbls.	19 00	WOOL,	
...SKIN,		Prime, Factory Berry,	
...in Pennsylv.	1 00	do.	55
...in Southern,	90 95	Am. wash. full bl'd,	50 55
...Dust Pennsylv.	1 34 1 36	do. blood,	42 47
...do South & West,	1 31 1 32	do. ¾ blood,	37
...Cut L. C. white,	87	do. ½ and com.	33 35
...Cut L. C. yellow,	82	Am. wash. full bl'd	53
...Cut L. C. round,	80	do. blood,	49
...do. Pumpkin,	53	do. ¾ blood,	38
...	40	do. ½ and com.	28
...Bay Eastern,		Super. pulled lambs,	50
...Pennsyl.	50	do.	48
...		No. 1 do.	45
...ORN, like	15	No. 2 do.	30
...LEMEN,		No. 3 do.	90
...ter thereof,	37	Spanish, R. P. & B.	
...		do. Jumbo,	75 1 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 4, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—There has been no change in them for many years past.

J. P. Kennedy, Esq. author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," is the counsel for Capt. Read, now being tried by a Court Martial sitting in Baltimore, for unjustifiable severity to one of his men.

Today is the anniversary of our Independence and as such, and as much, it will no doubt be generally observed by our citizens. No people, it is probable, pay as few national festivities as Americans, and as little attention is paid to this, the circumstance is to be regretted. We speak of the observance of this day, not in connection with the scenes of riot, rout and dissipation, which are too frequently witnessed among us, but in reference to its historical and social features, which constitute the leading characteristics of our nation. To-day is the anniversary of the day upon which we were freed from the shackles of British domination—to-day is the anniversary of the day upon which a virtuous people, roused to resistance by the oppressions of their father-land, declared themselves free and independent—to-day is the anniversary of the day, upon which a new principle—the principle of liberty and equality—was established, and upon which all civilized nations were accustomed by an exhibition of bravery and firmness in a noble cause, on the part of our patriotic fathers, such as the world had never before witnessed. The topics which characterise the day, are suitable subjects for reflection. By many trials and great sufferings our liberties were secured, and in proportion to these trials and sufferings, will be our condemnation, if by any contingency the invaluable blessing of liberty is allowed to depart from among us. To exercise and exemplify these truths to our children—to cherish devotions to the cause of liberty, and to be heartfelt thanks to the Providence who has so long sustained our government in its infancy and manly years, should be the prominent employments of the day. While thus employed we may rest secure in our enjoyments—for the citadel of Liberty will be impregnable to domestic enemies and foreign foes.

On our first page the reader will find an interesting article, headed "The White Slave." The case, which has been on trial before Judge Randall, was decided on Wednesday morning. After the Junior counsel in the claimant had finished summing up, Judge Randall intimated to the other counsel, that it was altogether unnecessary to discuss the case further, inasmuch as the evidence adduced on the part of the respondent, was entirely conclusive, to his mind, as to the decision he should give,—and he accordingly decided, that the claim could not be sustained, whereupon the girl was discharged. This decision was received with loud plaudits, which were promptly checked by the Judge, and the girl was accompanied to her late place of residence, by a number of her friends.

The American Museum at the corner of Chesnut and 7th streets, keeps up a continued stream of attractive curiosities. The Fleas having "strutted their hour upon the stage," have adjourned to make room for a brief season of "Robertson's celebrated and beautiful collection of Phantasmopal Illusions." A series of the Magic Lantern family—which will surely make room for a series of interesting chemical and philosophical experiments. This day will be extracted from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M. two splendid Italian Dioramas—"The Capuchin Chapel" and "Taking the Veil."

M. Perzel continues his beautiful exhibition of Glass Blowing and Spinning, a description of which we have not time nor room for this week—several news have recently been added to the Cosmorama.

An itinerant lecturer lately visited Morris, N. J. with the purpose of taking up collections to *send agents to France, to establish Sunday schools!* The gentleman would do well to begin his work of charity a little nearer home.

The Hon. Isaac Hill, now in the Senate of the United States, has been nominated as the democratic candidate for the next governor of New Hampshire.

The trial of the Rev. Mr. Cheever, of Salem, Mass. for a libel on Deacon John Stone, continued in an article headed "Deacon Giles's Distillery," has resulted in a verdict of guilty. Mr. C. has appealed to the Supreme Court.

The whigs of Rhode Island recently held a State convention and nominated Tristram Burges, and Henry Y. Cranston, as candidates for Congress. Mr. Burges and Mr. Pierce, are the present representatives. The Hon. Daniel Webster was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency.

There is a considerable excitement among the fashionable circles of London, in consequence of the elopement of Miss Marcia Grant, grand-daughter of J. Calphoun Grant, with Mr. Brinsley Sheridan. They were married at Gretna Green. The lady is enormously rich, being entitled to £40,000 on coming of age, and an estate of 7 or 8000 a year, on the death of her father.

MRS. HEMANS.

The accomplished and gifted lady, died in Dublin, on the 18th of May, after a long and painful illness. Her death will be greatly regretted, by the admirers of her genius, in America as well as in Europe. She was an accomplished writer, and the many effusions of her pen, distinguished by lofty genius and pure feeling, will long remain on record as monuments of her superior talents. She died in the Christian's hope.

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

On Monday evening last, the Franklin Institute passed a resolution, unanimously, to purchase from Mr. William Swaun, the Masonic Hall in Chesnut street, which that gentleman had consented to sell for the same price which he had purchased it for, viz: 55,350 dollars.

The lecture rooms of the present building in Seventh street, although spacious, have for a considerable time past proved too circumscribed for the numerous members of that flourishing and popular institution, neither have they afforded sufficient space for the several exhibitions of works of art, mechanics, &c.

The new purchase extends 110 feet on Chesnut street, and 180 feet in depth to Lodge street. When the contemplated improvements and new buildings shall have been erected, ample room will be afforded, not only for the business of the Franklin Institute, but for other public exhibitions and lecture rooms.

GIRARD SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

This institution, lately organised in this city, has already commenced business, under the most flattering auspices. It promises to prove one of the most useful associations of the kind now in existence. The President and Directors, are men of wealth, respectability and influence, of business habits, and every way qualified to manage, successfully, the operations of the association. The rate of premium on deposits is from three to five per cent, according to the length of time the deposits are allowed to remain. Weekly depositors are allowed, at the expiration of forty weeks, to convert their deposits into stock, at subscription price, until the whole amount of surplus stock is appropriated. The capital of the institution is $300,000, divided into shares of $50 each. A charter has been obtained from the Supreme Court, so that there is no doubt of the permanency of the institution.

Benj. W. Richards, Esq. is President, and the following named gentlemen are associated with him in the direction—Coleman Fisher, Peter Herring, John J. Smith, jr., Adam Waldie, Armon Davis, Wilbam Folwell, jr., Timothy Abbott, George Stewardson, Frederick Brown, Britton Cooper, Thomas Ridgway and David Williamson. George W. Ash, late teller in the Commercial Bank, has been elected Treasurer and Secretary. The office of the association is at No. 32 north Second street, near Christ Church.

Of the very great advantages of Savings Institutions there can be no question. They tend to promote economy, and a disposition to save. To mechanics and working men generally, they hold out strong inducements, and no individual who can spare from his earnings fifty cents a week, should fail to place the amount on deposit. Many instances might be named of poor mechanics who have become comparatively rich, by availing themselves of the advantages of Savings Institutions, and a striking example recently took place in New York. A journeyman in the habit of spending every cent of his earnings, was induced, by the advice of his employer, to commence a weekly deposit of one dollar. On trial, by retracting some useless expenditures, he found that he could spare that amount, and even a larger one, very conveniently. He steadily persisted in the plan, grew economical, sober, and industrious, and in a short time had accumulated enough to purchase a house, and set himself up in mercantile business. Others, pursuing this plan, may realise similar beneficial results, and become independent. The experiment is well worth a trial.

FOURTH OF JULY DINNERS.

The Whigs of the City and County, will dine today, in the Gymnasium, in Walnut street. Dinner to be on the table at 2 o'clock. Tickets $1. Joseph G. Clarkson, Esq. has been appointed orator of the day, and Samuel Rush, Esq. reader of the Declaration of Independence.

The friends of George Wolf, in the first and second Congressional districts, will dine at White Hall Inn, on the Moyamensing Road. Mr. John Miles has been appointed Orator of the day.

The friends of Mr. Wolf, in the third Congressional district, will dine at Major Mathey's Hotel, in Broad st. near Vine. Dinner on the table at 2 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents.

The friends of Henry A. Muhlenburg, in the first congressional district, will dine at the house of Mrs. Moore, in Front street. Tickets 50 cents. J. J. Snyder has been appointed to read the Declaration of Independence, and Jos. M. Doran, orator of the day.

The friends of Henry A. Muhlenburg, in the city, will dine at the Masonic Hall.

The friends of Mr. Muhlenburg, in the third Congressional district, will dine at Bush Hill. John J. McCahen has been selected to read the Declaration of Independence, and Charles J. Ingersoll to deliver an oration.

The members of the Trades' Union, will dine at Mr. Parcell's, New Lebanon. Tickets $1.

The friends of Temperance propose celebrating the day, by a public dinner, at the Northern Exchange, Third near Green street.

We had occasion last week to mention the status of Cleopatra, now exhibiting at the Masonic Hall. It was the intention of the proprietors to close the exhibition this week, but owing to the crowds who daily visit it, and the solicitations of others who have not had the leisure to call, they are determined to keep it open a short time longer. We would advise all who have not visited the Hall, to do so, as they will otherwise lose an opportunity of witnessing one of the most splendid specimens of Statuary we have ever beheld.

BETTING.

We notice that a large sum of money has been deposited in the hands of an individual at Harrisburg, as a banter for a bet on the election of one of the candidates for the Gubernatorial chair of the state. A premium is offered to any one who will procure a person to take it up, and every inducement is held out to encourage the spirit of gambling. This is disgraceful, and if there be a law on the subject, it should be rigidly enforced. The inevitable tendency of betting on elections, is to corrupt the elective franchise, and the man who is in any way concerned in a stake, should be deprived of the right of suffrage. Editors of all parties should refuse to publish these banters, and by every means in their power discountenance the system.

The Slave Trade.—We learn that one or two persons who stood high in the commercial world, are about to be tried in New York, on a charge of having fitted out vessels for the purpose of carrying on the Slave Trade between Africa and the southern states. The Morning Herald remarks—"This will be one of the most important trials that ever took place in New York. The idea that professed Christians, in a Christian land, should be engaged in robbing and plundering, and carrying off human creatures from their native country, to sell them for filthy lucre at the south, is not the most gratifying to a true lover of religion, morals, or country. It is, besides, in direct contravention of the laws of the land, and if the individual or individuals implicated should be rich, should have given much to the Abolition or Colonization societies, we trust that these circumstances will not be allowed to weigh much with an honest and conscientious jury. To steal, carry away, and sell human beings in one land, at the same time that the same individual is preaching, praying, and subscribing for their emancipation in another, may be a sample of 'permitting not the right hand to know what the left doth,' but it shadows forth a higher degree of hypocrisy than all can approve."

The story of an immense Snake, in Lake Ontario, is reiterated in some of the western papers. His snakeship was last seen by Capt. Kellogg and crew, near Kingston harbor. In length he was about 75 feet, of a dark blue colour, spotted with brown; toward either end he tapered off, but about the middle, his body was of the circumference of a flour barrel: his head was peculiarly small, and could not well be distinguished but from the direction in which he moved. He swam with an undulating movement, keeping the best part of his body under water, but occasionally showing his entire length.

Poison in Sugar.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers, in relation to a family in Calais, Me. who were poisoned by the sugar which they had used in their coffee at breakfast. The Medical Magazine for June, contains an elaborate article, from the pen of Dr. Charles S. Jackson, in which it is stated that the sugar in question was brought from Batisdoes last autumn, and was sold by an importer at St. Stephen's who supplies the trade at Calais. It was also ascertained that the Captain of the ship who brought out the sugar, had a small adventure of the same kind, and that he, and those to whom he sold the sugars, suffered from this disease. The cause of the malady was carefully examined into by Dr. S. S. Whipple of Calais and through his exertions, suspicions were finally fixed on the sugar, which had been used in the families of those who suffered. Dr. Jackson says:—

"The lead in this sugar may be either in the state of acetate, malate or saccharate of the oxide of lead, the sugar combining with it so as to form a chemical combination. How this sugar became contaminated with lead, I am unable to say. There is no suspicion of criminal design attached to any one, and it is probable that leaden reservoirs were used for the syrup, on account of the comparative cheapness of the metal, and that the free acids in the juice of the cane corroded the lead and thus produced the poison; which chrystalized in combination with the sugar. The dreadful effects of this poison should by all means reach the sugar planters, who distribute as noxious an article to the people of many countries, and must produce consequences at which humanity shudders. If the planters continue to manufacture this poisonous compound, and send it abroad regardless of the consequences, after they learn how much suffering it has caused, (which I am not willing to suppose they will do,) they will become criminal in the eye of the British law, and liable to the severest penalties."

PATENT SAW MILL JOINT STOCK.

A neat model of a patent mill for sawing stone by steam power, has been exhibited at the Exchange, during the past week, which has attracted the curiosity and elicited the admiration of many of our citizens. A large proportion of the stock was subscribed for on Wednesday last. The capital stock is $65,000, divided into 650 shares of $100 each, and the "experiment" bids fair to yield an excellent profit, from the great improvement of the machinery on the present system of sawing marble and stone. A block of stone, which now requires 20 to 30 hands with handspikes, &c. for hours, to remove to a proper position for sawing, can, by the improved machinery, rail ways and cars, be lifted from a wagon and removed to any desired part of the building, by two or three hands, in a few minutes, and cut into slabs of any desired thickness with extraordinary expedition.

The mill will probably receive plenty of business in consequence of the great quantity of marble and granite required for the new and elegant style of buildings, adapted for stores, public edifices and private dwellings. A city of palaces, decorated with marble and granite, may be raised, with a great reduction in the expense by the aid of machinery so admirably adapted to effect the object. Mr. Joseph L. Dutton is the inventor of the machinery for removing and placing the marble, and Mr. Isaac D. Kirk is the inventor of the improved saws.

EXCURSION TO CAPE MAY.

The steam boat Ohio, Capt. De Groot, will leave the city early this morning, for Cape May. After landing those who may desire to stop at that place, the boat will proceed to the Breakwater, and remain there until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, allowing the passengers ample time to examine the works, visit and sleep through the night at Lewistown, and be on board in time to return to Philadelphia, via Cape May, to-morrow evening. It is supposed that the Ohio will reach Cape May by 1 o'clock this afternoon, and the Breakwater in two hours after. This will, no doubt, prove a very delightful excursion to those who have never visited Delaware Bay.

A destructive storm passed over the borough of Williamsport, Pa., and vicinity, on the afternoon of the 19th instant. Great damage was done to property on Lycoming creek. The dwelling house of Mr. Alexander Crothers was unroofed, and otherwise injured; his barn was literally overthrown, and his store-house much injured. The barn of Mr. Oliver Watson was completely razed to the foundation; and out of a flourishing orchard of about sixty trees, but one is left standing, and that one stripped of all its branches. Mr. Wilhelm had his house unroofed, and various sheds, fences, outbuildings, &c. were blown down.

On the same afternoon a heavy storm, accompanied with torrents of rain, visited the neighbourhood of Kingston, Luzerne county, Pa. We learn from the Wyoming Republican, that a number of houses were unroofed, several barns injured, and one large building of that kind blown to fragments. The growing crops and fruit trees are also stated to have received much damage. Several persons were injured by the storm, though none very seriously. The hurricane was confined to a narrow strip of country, but within its limits the devastation was general, and such as has been seldom equalled in that region.

In the vicinity of this city, there have been several heavy showers during the past fortnight. Some of our streets were completely flooded, and many cellars filled with water, involving the destruction of considerable property, and causing great inconvenience to families. The principle damage was sustained along Dock street.

SALEM COUNTY, N. J.

We are gratified to learn that the farmers in the vicinity of Salem, N. J. are about making arrangements to procure a swift steam boat to ply between that place and this city, to enable them to bring their products to our market with greater facility. This is a desirable object, and should be earnestly prosecuted. The land in Salem county is well adapted to the growth of vegetables, fruits, &c., and with the facility of a near market, the farmers of that place cannot fail to find their account in turning their attention to this subject.

The Nullifiers of Georgia have nominated Geo. R. Gilmer, as a candidate for Congress, in the place of Mr. Wayne, recently appointed an associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge White was recommended for the Presidency, by the same party.

There have been several serious riots in New York, within the past two weeks, in which a number of Irishmen and a number of Americans have constituted opposing parties. The ill-blood of both classes of citizens seems to have been stirred up, and distrust, jealousy and hatred are gaining ground among them. Two or three severe battles, in which hundreds were engaged, have been fought, despite the utmost vigilence of the police, and almost nightly there have been scenes of disorder and riot, to a greater or less extent. The exact cause of the quarrel it is difficult to state, except that generally the Americans appear jealous of the strength and influence of the Irish population, which has now increased to an amazing extent.

It is evident from the fact of their being so many popular commotions in New York, that the police of that city is not as effective as it should be. Peaceably disposed citizens should be protected in their rights at all hazards, and if to secure this, double the number of police officers are necessary, the corporation would be justified in employing them. Energy and vigor in sustaining the laws, are essential to a well-regulated community.

Several public meetings have been held by American citizens, in relation to these riots, and the part taken in them by the Irish population. The following resolutions were adopted in the twelfth ward:

Resolved, That we consider it unwise, unjust, and an outrage on American feeling and interest, to place foreigners in office over Native Citizens, and that we do hereby pledge ourselves that we will use all honorable means to prevent it.

Resolved, That we view the clanning together of military bodies in the midst of us, consisting of Foreigners, as a direct insult to the capacity and ability of Native Americans to defend themselves, and a dangerous precedent contrived by the cunning of the enemy to deceive us by professions of patriotism.

The last resolution has reference to an attempt recently made, to organise a new military corps, under the title of the O'Connel Guards, which attempt was subsequently abandoned. In the thirteenth ward, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we duly appreciate the wisdom of the Father of our country, who in his farewell address to the people, warned them to guard against the insidious wiles of "*Foreign Influence*,"—and we do most solemnly believe, that such an influence does now exist, to an alarming extent, and that unless Americans *vote* put forth the most vigourous and united action, our republic will soon be among the things that *were*—her days will be numbered, and inevitable ruin will be her doom.

Resolved, That as *patriots*—as defenders of the same rights bequeathed to us by our fathers, we will not—we cannot—give our suffrages to foreigners, whatever may be their political professions.

In several other wards, there were similar expressions of opinion, but the above are sufficient to show the nature of the troubles in our sister city.

The liberality of the public is appealed to in behalf of the sufferers by the late tornado in New Brunswick. The destruction of property is immense—many families having been deprived of their all, and left shelterless. A committee of citizens has been appointed to solicit contributions from the charitable of adjacent cities, and it is earnestly hoped that their appeal will not be in vain.

The tornado appears to have been the most violent ever known in this latitude. The annexed account of its approach, from the New Jersey Fredonian, possesses thrilling interest:

It approached the city from the northwest, and bore the appearance of an immense conical volume of black smoke, filled with flakes of fire from some burning building, and greatly agitated by the air. The universal impression, in the lower part of the city, was, that the upper part was on fire. Nearly the whole population, consequently, were in motion—those that were in a condition to do service, making their way towards the apparent scene of conflagration, and the remainder anxious to ascertain where such a raging fire was. In a few minutes, the fearful truth was manifested, that an irresistible whirlwind was bearing away houses and barns and trees, and hurling them high into the air, producing an awfully sublime spectacle, and a scene of confusion and desolation, which it would be in vain to attempt to describe. From mere instinct—reasoning was out of the question—every one sought a shelter; but providentially many did not reach the buildings which in a moment afterwards were heaps of ruins, and would have crushed them in the fall. Among those, however, who did reach what they vainly hoped was a place of security, were Judge Boorsam, Clark of Middlesex, and his son Henry, aged 23, who, with two of three other gentlemen, left the Clerk's office on the first alarm of fire. When they reached George street, they were apprised that it was a tornado, and not a fire, which they had to encounter, and they separated—Judge Boorsam and his son, and one other, taking a southern direction to escape the storm, and the others a northern direction. Judge B. and his son got in front of the store of Mr. Little, on the corner of George and Schureman streets, which was crushed in a instant afterwards, seriously hurting Judge B., and mortally wounding his son Henry. The latter was borne home senseless, and died in about four hours. The former is doing well. Near the same place, and probably by the fall of the same building, a son of N. D. Baird was killed on the spot, the upper part of his head being literally taken off. Farther down town, in Schureman street, a widow lady of the name of Van Arsdallen, was killed in the street by the falling timber. These are the only deaths we have heard of, though a great many were more or less hurt.

Mrs. Barrineau's son, a small boy, badly wounded.

A child of Jeptha Cheesman dangerously hurt.

Miss Ann Boorasem, from New York, dangerously hurt.

Two sons, small boys, of Henry Frame, considerably injured.

Pr. Van Deursen's son, small boy, slightly injured.

James Bishop, jr., slightly hurt.

A child of Otis D. Steward, had his arm broken.

Nicholas Wyckoff, dangerously hurt.

Lewis Drake, badly injured.

Henry Cook, seriously hurt.

Two sons of J. C. Ackerman, small boys, one seriously injured—the other slightly.

Richard Van Arsdallen, slightly hurt.

Levi Lewis, much bruised.

Two men in the employ of Richard Voorhees, badly wounded.

We have also the story of a lad 10 or 12 years old, the son of Wm. G. Dunham, being taken up from his father's door, at the corner of George and New sts. and carried over the tops of trees and houses at least a quarter of a mile, and landed, with only a slight bruise, on the edge of the river! We believe this marvellous story has no other foundation than that the boy was impelled by the wind to run down the street towards the river, and was finally thrown down on the wharf. It is beyond our faith to suppose that he could be whirled through the air that distance, and come down not only alive, but almost unhurt! Parts of houses and other articles known to have been thrown that distance, were shivered to atoms.

We learn from the Louisville Journal that the citizens of that place witnessed the phenomenon of the formation and operation of a water spout, on the evening of the 14th ult. It was formed near the lower extremity of the Ohio Falls. According to those who witnessed the spectacle, a cone, in the shape of a trumpet, descended towards the river from a thick dark thunder cloud, and, at the same time, the agitated waters whirled round and ascended with a spiral motion in the form of vapor, till they united with the cone of the cloud, when the whole column moved rapidly and majestically about a mile and a half up the river, where it struck the woods in Indiana nearly opposite to Louisville and disappeared. The whirlwind then passed over a part of Jeffersonville, unroofing houses and doing other damage, but soon struck the river a second time, forming another water spout, which crossed the river to the Kentucky side and disappeared a short distance above Geiger's mills. On both sides of the river, the whirlwind's path was marked with desolation."

Dreadful Effects of Intemperance.—No one can peruse the following affecting article, which we copy from the Dover (N. H.) Morning Star, without lamenting the baneful consequences which frequently arise from Intemperance. Disease, suicide, and murder follow in its train:—

"Departed this life in Hamburg, N. Y. on the 1st day of April last, John Otle, aged *thirteen years*. The circumstances of his death were as follows:—A little past mid-day the unfortunate boy obtained a rope, on one end of which was a ring, which he endeavoured to conceal, and immediately hastened to a wood, a short distance from his father's house. But in spite of all his efforts, he was observed by some of his unsuspecting little brothers and sisters, who followed him to the fatal spot. He then climbed a small tree, and after waiting some time, made a noose by passing the end of the rope through the ring, which he put on his neck. He then fastened the rope in the tree and jumped off, and in a moment was in eternity! His little sister being under the tree, shrieked aloud, saying her brother John had fallen. She was brought to the spot her mother and some of the other children, when a scene of sorrow and lamentation took place which can be better imagined than described.

This child was led to the perpetration of the rash and wicked deed by the cruel treatment which he received from a drunken father, who was at that time almost dead drunk at a neighbouring grog-shop. Some hours afterwards, with much urging and assistance, he was got home; but being in liquor his presence only augmented the grief of his afflicted family. When under the influence of ardent spirits, he was often known to vent his madness on poor John; and on the morning of that day before leaving home for the grog-shop, without any provocation, he threatened him with a severe whipping. John was a bright and active lad, had the name of being virtuous, and was the main support of the family. Frequently after having labored hard to obtain the means of support for his poor mother and her children, his drunken father would expend his earnings for rum. The deceased was often heard to say that it would be better for him to die than to live—that he had rather die than to stay here, &c.—always assigning as the reason, the cruel treatment of his father."

Singular Adventure of Madame Malibran.—The following singular adventure, which lately befel Madame Malibran, will show, in an extraordinary degree, the passionate love for music which is so characteristic of the common people of the towns and rural districts of Italy:

This enchanting syren having to pass through the town of Arezzo, in Tuscany, on her way to Rome, the musical *dilettanti* were determined that it should not be said she had passed through their territory without singing. As a preliminary step, some of them fled to the post house, where they took effectual measures to prevent the travellers from being supplied with a change of horses, until the necessary conditions should be complied with.

Having assembled around the hotel, after giving the lady a reasonable time for refreshment, the people joined in a general shout for her appearance. When she came out; and when silence had been proclaimed, the Mayor stepped forward, and in the name of the good people of Arezzo respectfully requested her to sing one of her favorite songs. Madame, declining to comply with what she styled a most unreasonable and unreasonable request, the magistrate politely informed her that he regretted the consequences of her non-compliance; for that the inhabitants of the town and neighborhood, having set their minds on hearing a song, had resolved that she should not leave the means of travelling beyond Arezzo but on that condition.

Madame Malibran having previously made up her mind not to sing, now expressed her immovable resolution not to yield to the popular wish; at the same time throwing herself in a tragic attitude, she denounced vengeance on the Mayor and the whole town of Arezzo, saying that "she would apply for justice in the proper quarter; when both he and his fellow citizens should feel the full weight of the Grand Duke's displeasure, for thus interrupting the fulfillment of her engagements at Rome."

The civic dignitary, seeing that it was useless to contend with the irritated Queen of Song, bowed to the ground, and was retiring when a plumed and belted personage, begin with pistols, and having a carbine slung over his shoulder, and armed in all respects like the far famed Massaroni, stepped forward. Drawing one of his pistols, he bowed gracefully, and humbly begged that La Signora would honour him by singing a cavatina. The lady, although the instrument of death was held to her breast, still refused compliance; judging, doubtless, that the cavaliere, whoever he might be, could never seriously contemplate the enforcement of his petition on such desperate terms. The courier who accompanied her, however, became seriously alarmed, when he recognised in the person a brigand, whom he had on a former occasion encountered, and whose name and exploits were celebrated, not only in the neighbouring mountains, but also throughout the north of Italy, as far as Genoa, Turin, and Milan. Accordingly, he joined in the general entreaty, stating that it was useless to contend any longer with such terrible odds, and urging her to sing some common aria, which would have the effect of satisfying the noisy populace.

Convinced that compliance was the only means of extrication from her dilemma, she attempted one of her favorite melodies; but, overcome by trepidation, her voice refused its office, and she again burst into a flood of tears exclaiming, "*Non posso! Non posso cantare!*"

The courier, perceiving the distress under which his charge labored, suddenly entered the carriage, and opened a small case, drew from thence a violin, on which he played a *preludio* with so much skill and power as to electrify his auditors.

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear Beriot!" exclaimed Madame Malibran, so soon as the violinist had come to a pause; "the magic influence of your genius hath fanned that fire within me which threats and dangers tended only to extinguish. Proceed, my friend; I feel that by the time you have finished, I shall be capable of complying with the wishes of these good people."

The delighted populace, quickly catching the name of so celebrated a musician, seconded the above address by loud shouts of "Bravo, de Beriot! Viva la Malibran et de Beriot! Long live de Beriot, the first violinist of France."

M. de Beriot, though by no means pleased with the awkward discovery which had been made, that he was travelling in masquerade to save appearances as regarded the object of his attachment, executed an impassioned piece with infinite taste and feeling. He expressed in vivid colouring all the passages of the present adventure; and pourtrayed in lively strains, the workings of Madame Malibran's feelings at the terrifying circumstances by which she was surrounded, as well as at the novel kind of quarantine which she was at the moment undergoing.

When M. de Beriot had concluded, Madame Malibran, inspired by the romantic circumstances of the scene, and overwhelmed with gratitude for assistance, so well timed, embraced him tenderly; and, bursting into a strain of the most enthusiastic and expressive melody, charmed the ears and captivated the hearts of the boisterous, though musical inhabitants of Arezzo to that degree, that with one shout they exclaimed, "*Perdana, Signora?* we that refused you horses, will ourselves draw your carriage." No sooner said than done. The travellers ascending their carriage, were drawn by the populace to a considerable distance from the town; and after the horses were put to, and they had proceeded several miles, they could still distinguish the cheering cry of "Viva la Malibran! Viva de Beriot!" from the rude throats of the *dilettanti* of Arezzo.—*Court Journal.*

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

June 26.—Received from		*Received from*	
N. B. Knapp,	$20 00	D. H. Sobin,	3 00
C. W. Newhall, nett	1 75	A. S. King,	2 00
Herbert & Seligman,	2 00	A. Campbell, Esq.	3 00
Wm. Murrill, Esq.	5 00	Julius Churchill, Esq.	3 00
Seth Smith, Esq.	3 00	G. W. Jordan, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Crumpton, Esq.	5 00	John Clark, Esq.	3 00
Em'l. Shober, Esq.	2 00	Richd. McClure, Esq.	2 00
June 27.		Arthur Carter, Esq.	5 00
Philo H. Hillyer,	15 00	*June 30.*	
Charles Graham,	2 00	Wm. Averill,	2 00
Alpheus White,	2 00	Jno. Boughner, Esq.	5 00
Leonard Boston,	1 00	Wm. P. Miller, Esq.	7 00
T. W. Grimes, Esq.	5 00	Saml. Cooper, Esq.	2 00
J. M. Davis, Esq.	5 00	Jno. Marston, Esq.	3 00
H. S. Finley, Esq.	10 00	M. M. Norton, Esq.	2 00
John Ensign, Esq.	2 00	T. N. White, Esq.	14 00
R. S. Rolph, Esq.	2 00	E. C. Brown, Esq.	2 00
Jas. McLellan, Esq.	2 00	D. Stanbrough, Esq.	5 00
B. Roberts,	15 00	*July 1.*	
Wm. Stout, Esq.	5 00	Z. Clark,	14 40
J. O. H. Croswell, Esq.	2 00	Levi W. Gardiner,	2 00
C. S. Howe,	5 00	A. Gibbs, Esq.	5 00
June 29.		Henry Mott, Esq.	30 00
Wm. H. Skerrett,	10 00	N. Edgerton,	4 00

SALES OF STOCKS,

At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.

Monday, June 29.

			per value.
$2000	State 5's, 1854,	103	100
50 shares	Ohio Canal,		5
100	do. New Castle Rail-Road,	30½	25
1	do. North America Bank,	465	400
2	do. Farmers & Mechs. Bank,	68	50
55	do. Girard Bank,	65¼	50
100	do. New Hope Bank,	20¾	50
50	do. Mechanics' Bank,	67¼	50
35	do. Philadelphia Savings,	36	5
590	do. Kentucky Bank,	43¼	50
50	do. Merchants' Bank, Baltimore,	18	10
15	do. Western Bank,	61	50
	Tuesday, June 30.		
90	do. Planters' Bank, Tenn.	33¾	40
850	do. Com. & Amboy R. R.	141¾	100
32	do. Schuylkill Bank,	61¾	50
93	do. Spring Garden Fire Ins.	6¾	5
150	do. Norristown Rail-Road,	54	50
350	do. Northern Bank, Ky.	73⅛	5
150	do. Philad. and Trenton, R. R.	105	100
15	do. Schuylkill Navigg. Co.	14¼	50
50	do. Kensington Bank,	73¼	50
375	do. Del. and Hudson C. C.	102¾ a 103¼	100

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Madison, (In.) dated 18th ult. to a gentleman in this city, which represents the ravages of the cholera at that place to have been appalling. There had been 17 deaths up to the date of the letter. The writer says that things wear a very melancholy appearance in Madison. Many of the citizens had fled into the country. Most of the cases are represented to have occurred on Tuesday night. Among the victims is James H. Wallace, Esq. one of the editors of the Republican and Banner. We have also been favored with a copy of that paper, of the same date as the letter referred to, containing the following obituary notice of Mr. Wallace:

"Died—On Yesterday morning, about 3 o'clock, of Epidemic Cholera, JAMES H. WALLACE, Esq. one of the editors and proprietors of the "Republican and Banner," in the 37th year of his age. We left our colleague in the office on Tuesday afternoon, in the apparent enjoyment of as good health, and in as fine spirits as we ever saw him, he was attacked about 8 o'clock, and in despite the efforts of medical skill, and the assistance of his friends, he sunk rapidly to his death.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

From Irving's Crayon Miscellany.

A Litigious Highlander.—At breakfast that morning, Scott gave an amusing account of a little Highlander called Campbell, of the North, who had a lawsuit of many years' standing with a nobleman in his neighborhood about the boundaries of their estates. It was the leading object of the little man's life; the running theme of all his conversations; he used to detail all the circumstances at full length to every body he met, and to aid him in his description of the premises, and make his story "mair preecese," he had a great map of his estate, a huge roll several feet long, which he used to carry about on his shoulder. Campbell was a long bodied, but short and bandy-legged little man, always clad in the highland garb; and as he went about with this great roll on his shoulder, and his little legs curving like a pair of parentheses below his kilt, he was an odd figure to behold. He was like little David shouldering the spear of Goliah, which was "like unto a weaver's beam."

Whenever sheep shearing was over, Campbell used to set out for Edinburgh to attend to his lawsuit. At the inns he paid double for all his meals and his nights' lodgings; telling the landlords to keep in mind until his return, so that he might come back that way at free cost; for he knew, he said, that he would spend all his money among the lawyers at Edinburgh, so he thought it best to secure a retreat home again.

On one of his visits he called upon his lawyer, but was told he was not at home, but his lady was. "It is just the same thing," said little Campbell. On being shown into the parlour, he unrolled his map, stated his case at full length, and having gone through with his story, gave her the customary fee. She would have declined it, but he insisted on her taking it. "I ha' had just as much pleasure," said he "in telling the whole tale to you, as I should have had in telling it to your husband, and I believe as much profit."

*Advantages of Literary Reputation

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A New Mathematical Question, presented for a Solution.

Query.—What will be the horizontal distance, the perpendicular descent, and the length of the curve lines, a rock by the top and bottom parts of a carriage wheel, four feet high, by moving forward, from a perpendicular station, or situation, on a horizontal plane, so as, the wheel to turn one quarter round;—and also for the wheel to turn one half round.

Philomathematicus.

The following song, called "the Stage Coach," describing the travel of the Grey and Mellon ne administrations, was written by a Mr. Gardiner, and sung at a dinner given at Tamworth, England, on the occasion of Sir Robert Peel's return to power. Its humor is better than its prophecy about Sir Robert's power of driving the vehicle.

A new fashioned coach you've all heard of I know,
That was started in London just two years ago:
They call'd it "Reform," and one old *Mr. Grey*
Was the *coachman* appointed to drive all the way.

This concern was intended to make an excursion
Through England and Ireland *for private diversion*;
And not, as we said, for the good of the nation—
For between you and me 't was a *Whig speculation*.

Old Broughamwas the *guard*, but instead of a *horn*,
He blew his *own trumpet* from night until morn;
And all their new harness in boisterous weather
Was never expected to hold long together.

They had purchased a young inexperienced team,
That galloped away as if carried by steam;
They gibed, and they shied, and they reared in the air,
Till the passengers all were in frightful despair.

At last, turning round by an *old Irish church*,
Old Grey *tumbled off*, and was left in the lurch;
And a *North Country horse* and a young *Derby colt*
Broke away from the bars, and thought proper to bolt.

The leaders escaping, like fury and fire,
There were nought but old wheelers to pull through the mire,
When a fellow as meek as a *Lamb* took the reins—
But folks said he'd no courage, or else he'd no brains.

The public all grumbled, and loudly cried "shame,"
The proprietor saw that his men were to blame;
And he said, in dismissing his servants, "I feel
That you're only to want of THE POWER OF APPEAL!"

And the people's appeal was ne'er uttered in vain,
For Englishmen all claim the right to complain;
And there ne'er was a time when complaint or disgust,
In our different *stages*, was ever so just.

So he's found one man who has ta'en the control,
And he's nought nothing new but a very strong poll;
He'll call the old coach "The TRUE BRITON," and then
He'll bring home the passengers safely again!

THE DOUBLE MISFORTUNE.

Two visits less lucky than mine
No unfortunate ever could pay,
The first man I called on, they said,
Was gone out for the whole of the day.
And the other, it's certainly true,
That misfortunes in pairs ever come,—
Oh, I see: you found him gone out too?
No, I did'nt: I found *him* at home.

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.—One of the neatest compliments on record is that paid by Lord Camden to FOX, that "his price was immortality, and he knew that posterity would pay it."

USEFUL SERVANT.—Mr. Coke of Norfolk, had a female servant (the daughter of one of his keepers,) who broke dogs, walked the lances and fields, shot occasionally, and assisted her father in all his duties. This intrepid woman once took a poacher, a sailor, on the marshes, at least two miles from the house, and brought him in her sole custody. Amongst other duties she kept the key of the church, and one day two gentlemen, guests of the house, went to enjoy the view from the top of the steeple. Mary accompanied them; in their frolic they attempted to kiss her, she ran down, locked the door and departed. When the dinner hour arrived the gentlemen were not to be found, inquiry was made, and the whole affair was developed, to the no small chagrin of the gallants, and the high entertainment of the rest of the party.

Anecdote of Walter Scott.—He was going on with great glee (says Irving) to relate an anecdote of the third Macnab, "who, poor fellow!" said he, "is dead and gone"—

"Why, Mr. Scott," exclaimed his wife, "Macnab's not dead, is he?"

"Faith, my dear," replied Scott, with humorous gravity, "if he's not dead they've done him great injustice, for they've buried him!"

ANECDOTE OF A MINER.—With frequent opportunities of watching one of the most fixed of the species—a man who was worth his millions—I gathered many anecdotes of his various ways of getting and saving money. I will tell one.

A physician, of no inconsiderable reputation and practice, married one of the old miser's daughters. The old fellow went to him one day, and with his peculiar significance of expression, after sundry hamming and chewing, told him that in the settlement of an account with a gentleman whose family physician the doctor then was, he (the m—) had been compelled to take ten dollars less than he thought he ought to have had. "Now, my good s—n, can't you charge him twenty or thirty dollars extra in your bill, and pay it over to me—so that I may get my ten dollars, the interest of eleven years and be paid *a little over* for the trouble of waiting?"

What reply the doctor made to his 'good' old father-in-law, at the young forth of his proposition, I don't know—but he probably did not give his patron the thirty-dollar dose—as he told the anecdote himself, and accompanied it with the wish that his medical knowledge would acquaint him with some drug that could make the old miser a decent being. If he could have made so great a discovery, he would have found paupers enough who stood in suffering need. There isn't an infirmary in the world large enough to hold a fraction of the race.

The following is about as good a hit at drunkards as we have seen for a long while:

Excuses for getting drunk.—The following are among the excuses which are made by the individuals when brought before the magistrates at the different police-offices in the metropolis, charged with being drunk in the street. Many of the excuses are made indiscriminately both by males and females:—Met a friend—met my mother—met my sister—have been wounded in the head—had a child die—in very great distress—out of work—broke my leg in his Majesty's service—very old—an old sailor—an old soldier!—been out of place a long time—just recovered from a fit of illness—been looking for work—had a little business to transact with a friend—just come out of prison, and very little liquor takes effect upon me—had my brother transported—my mother died—burnt out—very hungry—had a quarrel with my wife—don't know anything about it—just apprenticed a child—buried my wife—married the day before—been to the christening—been to a funeral—in short, it would appear from the statements made that there is not a single occurrence in life but is considered an excuse for getting drunk.

German Character and Manners.—Upon the whole the Germans have a national inclination for law and justice, are little disposed to covet the goods of others, and are prompt to keeping private compacts. They appear to be of resolute courage, but are rather to be called daring, and fling themselves sometimes almost with the recklessness of brutes into open dangers, and sometimes again avoid such from fear. They eat much and drink more; on account of which, the German, when he is moderate, is immediately pronounced to be sick. The men are cold in love affairs, but in quarrels; the woman discreet and modest. Lovesickness is frequently considered in the light of activity in business, rather than as any thing disgraceful. Their dress, on which neither men nor women spend much, is of humble guise and ill-fitted, but decent. Every appearance of slavery, the slightest attempt to disparage or prejudice their liberties, is insupportable to them. Out of discretion, no single citizen is accustomed to ride in the town: this is left to the nobles, or to the old and sick, or such as are in public employments. For a little matter they fall into anger, draw swords, and shed blood; but even as soon do they become quiet upon a peaceful summons, and drown their wrath in cups of wine. In converse they speak their mind without reflection, not always, it is true, with great courtesy, but without useless words. Towards strangers they are often rough, and in some other respects exhibit themselves as barbarians and inhabitants of a cold country; from which it follows that they are the less adapted for intellectual pursuits and development of the understanding; for which reason, also, they by preference, addict themselves to works of manual skill, &c. The Elector Augustus of Saxony knows nothing, and chosen to know nothing of war; he goes every day, yea, in his mid, even on nights by torchlight, to the chase, and is also beyond measure addicted to women.

The English must be at a loss for spending their time, when we see such importance attached to grotesque performances like the following:

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Monday, Townsend, the veteran pedestrian, undertook for a wager of five pounds, to pick up with his mouth, and not touch one with his hands, forty stones at one yard apart; walk one mile forward, and one mile backwards; drive a wheelbarrow one mile; and run a hoop one mile, in *one hour*, on the Uxbridge road. A number of persons assembled to witness the performance of the feat; and about 9 o'clock, Townsend commenced his task opposite the Duke of Clarence, at the bottom of Notting Hill, which he completed in three minutes and a half within the given time. On the following day, he undertook for a wager of ten pounds, to walk twelve and a half miles in two hours, which distance he performed in about twenty seconds under the time. He stated that he was willing to walk Gilbert 100 miles, ready at the Jolly Miller, Aubrank street.

JULY.

Then came hot *July*, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away,
Upon a lyon raging yet wrath ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the b—st that wisdom did survay
The Nemean forest, till the Amphitrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behind his backe a rithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.
Spenser.

Mr. Leigh Hunt in his *Months*, after remarking that —" July is so called after Julius Cæsar, who contrived to divide his names between months and dynasties, and among his better deeds of ambition reformed the calendar," proceeds to notice, that—"The heat is greatest in this month on account of its previous duration. The reason why it is less so in August is, that the days are then much shorter, and the influence of the sun has been gradually diminishing. The farmer is still occupied in getting the productions of the earth into his garners; but those who can avoid labour enjoy as much rest and shade as possible. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is charged with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The active and air outing swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, "heirless and blood-less," seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing, now increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone. The gnats
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide;
Spenser.

and here and there the little musician of the grass touches forth his tricksy note.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are hiant with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's.
Keats.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for June.

THE VICTIM OF A PROOF-READER.

"Foul murder hath been done—lo! here's the *proof*"
Old Play.

"Oh, for the good old times of Typography, when operatives in the art could render the ancients,—when Caxton translated 'Ye Seige of 'Troye,' from the language of Greece! Would that, in this latter age, when Champollion has deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt,—when the spirit of inquiry is every where abroad,—some one might be found, who could continue to shelter from typical aggression a writer for the press!

"I am the victim of a proof-reader. The blunders of others, and not my own, have placed me in a state of reeling skin to purgatory. Ever since I began to shave for a beard, I have been more or less afflicted with the *excathes scribeadi*,—and I flatter myself that I have not always been unsuccessful in my *scriblings*. But my *printed* efforts have neither been honourable to my genius, nor grateful to my vanity,—'on the contrary, they have been quite the reverse.' I have had the sweetest poems turned into thrice-sodden stupidity; sentences in prose, on which I dozed in manuscript, have been poisoned in a deep pe spiration, and with positive loathing, in print. All this has arisen from a conspiracy which seems to have been framed against me, by all the typographical fraternity of the country. And true, I write what Mrs. Malaprop might call an "ineligible hand," for, to the pitiful mistake of crossing t's, and dotting i's, I never could descend. I have often given directions to publishers, that if a word was otherwise 'past finding out,' they should count the marks,—but the plan failed, as have indeed all my plans for *correct habits* of thought before the public. If this narrative shall prove to be correctly printed, it will be the first article from my pen that has ever met with such an honour, and I shall be proportionably pleased.

"Like all other mortals, I am penetrable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is not encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, or the bull hides of Ajax; consequently I am what the city call in romance, a susceptible person. When I was nineteen I fell in love, and as I found prose too tame a medium, too staid a drapery for my thoughts, what could I do, but express to my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature,—a delicious arrangement of 'flesh and blood,'—a country parson's daughter, with excellent tastes and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry, and so was I. This circumstance sent my fancy a wool-gathering, for tropes, figures, and emblems. Young ladies have a passionate admiration *for* genius, and I determined to show that I was not deficient in that particular: that I belonged of right to those who married the rhyme, '*poets nascitur non fit*.' During the spring of 18—, I was attacked with a perfect incontinence of rhyme. My lady-love was always my theme. But of all my compositions, none satisfied me save the following, which I produced with great *time labour*, and sedulous care. I think you by enough of it now. *Mr.* Neal would call it *inutile*, and so do I.

"*To Emily B——.*"

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art,—
'The muse of every spell
Which brings one trueport to my heart.
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, carnation on thy cheek
Its richest lustre sends;
And thy blue eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part,
Life would be nought with me;
A load would rest upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where could I meet a lamp so fair
In Nature's open passage?
With these the barbarous flower compare
And own my grief a *massage*?

"Forgive my bare, this nasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet moditore, that daily dry,
Shall bid thee think of me!"
J. S.

"When I had read this diabolical mass of stuff over, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I depreciated the judgement of Miss Emily; I thought every body could see the errors, and detect them as readily as I did; and I said to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or inattentive, not to see how the poem *ought* to read. This roused in her bosom, 'all the blood of all the Bonkerbolts.' She handed me my hat, and pointed significantly to the door. I went out at the aperture thus indicated, and have ever darkened it since. Emily is now the wife of a Connecticut schoolmaster, who blows the pitchpipe and leads the choir on Sunday, in her father's church.

"This was my last passion, and my last, except that into which I have been ruined every time I have sent a piece to be published. Yet I will love to console my dreary bachelor-hip, by writing, and a few gray thoughts in print,—but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard, is against me, and probably always will be. "JOHN SMITH."

After a tragedy, the curtain falls to slow and mournful music. Should the leader of an orchestra on such an occasion strike up Yankee Doodle or Paddy Carey, the contrast would be absurd. I feel in something such a predicament now. I have introduced a tra ical or at least a melodramatical narration,—a d I should be unfeeling indeed to follow it up with other matters, which probably would be of a cheerful nature. I leave the story of my visitor's sorrow and reverses, as a provocative to solemn reflection in the reader, upon the abuses in printing, and the mutability of types.
OLLAPOD.

From the Charleston Courier.

HINTS TO YOUNG LAWYERS.

The following ludicrous *expose* took place recently at one of the police offices, London:

UNION HALL.—*An Ex-Official Insulted.*—Henry Miller was charged with committing an assault on Joseph Osman, commonly known by the cognomen of "Jack Ketch's Assistant," and who presented a petition a short time back to the court of Aldermen to reinstate him in his office of assistant executioner. Osman stated, that on the afternoon alore he took his wife and little 'uns for a walk along the rail-road; and as they was a-going along, his wife says, "Joe, let us stop at the Dun Cow, and have a drain alore we go on to Deptford." Says I to my wife, "I don't care if we does," and so in we goes; and while we was making ourselves comfortable over a pot o' beer and some sawveys, in walks Miller, that's the man wot struck me, and gav'd me these here two black eyes. Well, your Worship, Mr. Miller had no sooner come into the room, than he begins to throw out the hugly hints about my calling, and not satisfied with that here, he attacks my wife. I said that I wanted to have no rumpus with him about such concerns—and to show that I had no hanimosity against the man, I axed him for to drink out of the werry pot as I and my wife was a-drinking. He says in answer to that there, "I'll go out of the room and ax myself a few questions alore I drinks with the like on you." "Very well, (says I) do so;" and when he comes in again, after axing himself the few questions, he says—No, I'm blowed if it shall be said that Harry Miller was ever the man that took a draught out of the same pot with a hangman." Well, your Worship, that there word was enough to wex any man having the feelings of a man about him, and I told him so; and instead of saying as how he felt sorry for what he had said, he turns up his sleeves, and pitches into me right and left, and never left off until he made my face in the pickle your Worship now sees it—(the complainant's face was very much battered.) "I do believe, added Osman, had not the police come to my assistance, I should not be here all alive to tell my story; and what makes the thing worse, I have been prevented from executing a job that I had to do in the country."

Original Anecdote.—"Madam, shall I see you home?" said an honest, good-natured sort of a fellow to a strapping damsel of sixteen. "No, sir I can see myself home." Our hero, not "morbidly understanding the reply," repeated with some emphasis—"I say, Madam, shall I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" "No." "Are you in earnest?" "Yes!" "Well, I an't!"

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—A convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. C. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparation, as combining all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been long tested in the hospitals, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so many benefits, and is so confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is peculiarly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with the preparation: it is superior to most of the ointments now introduced to the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is to be put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at CARPENTER'S
Chemical Warehouse, No. 201 Market st. Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts of counterfeit, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 25 1836—eotf

Summer Boarding,
In West Chester, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

THE subscriber having taken the fine, commodious and airy house, formerly occupied by Wm. Everhart, Esq. in West Chester, recently occupied by respectable families, as single gentlemen, with boarding. The situation is highly pleasant, and the house convenient. Persons wishing to retire from the cities during the summer months, will find the above place very agreeable in itself, or more facile of approach than West Chester. The Rail-Roads afford daily inter-course between with Philadelphia, and in an opposite direction with the New Haven Rail-Road to Columbia.

JAMES WALTON.

june 6—7t*

Chester County Hotel.

THE subscriber has removed into his large and well known Hotel, at the corner of Market and Church streets, West Chester. This building is 70 feet in front, and 95 feet deep, with upwards of 80 pasters around it, lodging rooms. The whole of the house have been repaired and re-attached to them, and are well adapted to the use of private families. The situation of the borough of West Chester is one of the most healthy in this state. The rail road meeting is a few rods from the house, and arrive at the Borough at half-past 12 o'clock. Returning, leave the Borough at half past 8, and arrive in the city at 3 o'clock. Fare thro' $1 25. For seats, apply at the office, the White Swan, Race st. and at Rail Road, Market street above Sixth street.

june 27—6*

From the Charleston Courier.

HINTS TO YOUNG LAWYERS.

In the first place, you must always take it for granted that your cause is a good one, and that the opposite party is determined to cheat you out of it—let this conviction be carried through thick and thin, and it will animate you to hold on and hold out.

In the next place, you must never admit a fact or principle, unless you want it for your own use; for if you should, you might cut off a limb you may wish to stand upon, or you may cut off your own retreat—at least it *is* a kind of confession that you have no facts or principle of your own.

Whenever you are about to draw a conclusion, if the facts will not justify it, why then *draw* so much the harder—conclusions were made to be *drawn*, and it is not very easie for a young speaker to trust them to *follows*; for if he should, they might not come with in a gun shot of him or his premises.

Acquire the habit of making *round* assertions; for they are much better than *flat* ones. Many a coward has avoided a duel and passed for a man of courage, by a dashing and blustering.

Repeat your arguments *twice or three times* over *at least*; for, if they are good arguments, then are they worthy of repetition—but if they are good for nothing, they require to be *hammered* in by hard and repeated blows, especially, if they have *no pain* a.

In your arguments, be honest, give *good measure*; be assured more depends upon the *length* than the *depth* of them; for al persons can j dge of *length*, but depth is concealed by darkness. The traveller does not care how long a road is, if it be *smooth*, and the goodness of the surface is all he regards.

Never take any notice of your adversary's arguments, for, if they are weak and worthless, let them alone, and they will never trouble you—but, if they are strong, take care how you meddle with them, lest they turn upon you and defeat you, in your face and eyes.—The old adage is not to be forgotten, "never raise a Devil, unless you can *lay* him again."

If you can work the facts of the case into your argument, so as to make any thing of them, so much the better; but if you cannot, then *make some facts of your own* out of the whole cloth, and argue from them, though the may seem like putting new wine into old bottles, still it is better than *empty bottles and no wine*.

When you come to the *solemn* and *pathetic* part of your argument, be sure and give fair and reasonable notice of it, that eyes, muscles and handkerchiefs, may be prepared to meet the consequences.

The *sea-drum* should consist of a *dissertation upon things in general*—the will puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, and your opponent can never answer it. But when you come to your peroration, which is an important affair, give it ample form, and, if it cannot compress what you have been urging before, then go all over the ground again, which is a kind of professional rhetorical cross ploughing, good in rough ground.

If the Counsel on both sides will observe these rules, no mortal can divine which party will gain the victory—and the victory *once won, be assured* the Court of Appeals *will never reverse it.*

COKE UPON LITTLETON.

The following ludicrous *expose* took place recently at one of the police offices, London:

UNION HALL.—*An Ex-Official Insulted.*—Henry Miller was charged with committing an assault on Joseph Osman, commonly known by the cognomen of "Jack Ketch's Assistant," and who presented a petition a short time back to the court of Aldermen to reinstate him in his office of assistant executioner. Osman stated, that on the afternoon alore he took his wife and little 'uns for a walk along the rail-road; and as they was a-going along, his wife says, "Joe, let us stop at the Dun Cow, and have a drain alore we go on to Deptford." Says I to my wife, "I don't care if we does," and so in we goes; and while we was making ourselves comfortable over a pot o' beer and some sawveys, in walks Miller, that's the man wot struck me, and gav'd me these here two black eyes. Well, your Worship, Mr. Miller had no sooner come into the room, than he begins to throw out the hugly hints about my calling, and not satisfied with that here, he attacks my wife. I said that I wanted to have no rumpus with him about such concerns—and to show that I had no hanimosity against the man, I axed him for to drink out of the werry pot as I and my wife was a-drinking. He says in answer to that there, "I'll go out of the room and ax myself a few questions alore I drinks with the like on you." "Very well, (says I) do so;" and when he comes in again, after axing himself the few questions, he says—No, I'm blowed if it shall be said that Harry Miller was ever the man that took a draught out of the same pot with a hangman." Well, your Worship, that there word was enough to wex any man having the feelings of a man about him, and I told him so; and instead of saying as how he felt sorry for what he had said, he turns up his sleeves, and pitches into me right and left, and never left off until he made my face in the pickle your Worship now sees it—(the complainant's face was very much battered.) "I do believe, added Osman, had not the police come to my assistance, I should not be here all alive to tell my story; and what makes the thing worse, I have been prevented from executing a job that I had to do in the country."

Original Anecdote.—"Madam, shall I see you home?" said an honest, good-natured sort of a fellow to a strapping damsel of sixteen. "No, sir I can see myself home." Our hero, not "morbidly understanding the reply," repeated with some emphasis—"I say, Madam, shall I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" "No." "Are you in earnest?" "Yes!" "Well, I an't!"

Wanted,

A HOUSE-KEEPER, in the country. For further particulars, inquire at this office. june 13—4t*

To Farmers.

THE subscribers beg leave to call the attention of Farmers to their assortment of useful agricultural machines and implements—among which are the following—Ploughs of various kinds, corn shellers, seed mills, churns, clover mills, improved bee hives, grain cradles, scythes and rifle rakes, hay forks, hoes, spades, pruning saws and knife combined, cotton gins, and a variety of articles new and useful, all of which are for sale at the Agricultural Warehouse, 212 Market street, Philadelphia.

june 20—3t* B. NLATER & CO.

Wanted.

MRS. PATTEN, is in want of a first rate CORSET MAKER. Apply at her fashionable CORSET STORE, 83 Arch street. june 20—4t

Six Cents Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, on Sunday the 14th inst. an indented apprentice to the Carpenter business, named ELIJAH CONNER, aged about 18 years, 5 feet 10 inches high, 3 or 4 changes of clothing, and wore on going away white pantaloons and dark roundabout. All persons are forbid harbouring or trusting him at their peril. JOS. B. GREEN.

june 20—3t* 37 Dock street, between Third and Fourth.

For sale,

500 lbs. of Superior Black Bristles; 500 lbs. of No. 1 and 2 very superior Bloomsbury Bristles.

Apply to J. BUSCH,
No. 28 North Third street.

may 18—tf

Wanted.

WE the undersigned, committee of the Lafayette and Franklin Banks of Cincinnati, are in want of a number of good Stone Cutters, Stone Setters and Labourers, to whom constant employment and liberal wages will be given.

J. & J. ROBERTS.

June 8—72t* Walnut and Eighth sts. Cincinnati.

For Sale,

The lease of a first rate business stand for Blacksmithing, Horse shoeing, hunting Machine making, &c. with a good run of new trade included, for carrying on the above business, on moderate terms. Apply at No 202 S. Sixth street. DAVID EVANS.

N. B. The present proprietor declines the business, on account of being about to remove to the western country.

june 27, tf

To Shippers, Country Merchants
And Others.

THE subscriber offers for sale, wholesale and retail, at his Soap and Candle Manufactory, Nos. 321 and 21 Kunckle street, east side, between Third and Fourth, above Callowhill street, Philadelphia, viz:

7000 lbs. No. 1 Yellow Soap, put up expressly for summer use, 8, 10 and 12 lbs to the b, in boxes of 2½ lbs. each.

2750 lbs. Mould Candles, in boxes of 25 lbs. each, suitable for shipping or city trade.

2500 lbs. white Soap, pure plain.

1500 lbs. do. scented.

1000 lbs. Variegated or Mottled Soap.

1000 small boxes Fancy Soap, 8 doz. assorted for druggists.

3500 lbs. No. 1 Yellow Soap, in shipping order, containing 15 bars, 16 lbs. each.

1000 boxes do. second quality.

1000 lbs. Palm Soap, warranted genuine.

Also, a large assortment of yellow and brown Soap, cut in two lb. bars, suitable for retailers.

140 barrels good quality Bath Soap, well calculated for the use of Public Institutions, at $1 75 per barrel.

50 kegs of No 1 and 2 Rosin.

Also, Tallow, Potash, Barrels, Lime, Pail, Palm Oil and Bees Wax, kept constantly on hand, and for sale as above. All goods purchased will be delivered to the vessels, or cars, as directed, free of expense.

N. B.—The highest price given for Tallow, country Soap, good Rosin, Ashes, &c. JOSEPH R. GRAVES.

june 20—tf

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his store, to 44 and Queen-ware establishment, from Nos. 54 and 56 North Third street to that large and commodious store, No. 232 South Second street, between Spruce and Pine streets, where he is now opening, (receiving by the last arrivals) a general assortment of new and well selected ware, comprising all the various articles usually kept in his line, which in addition to his former assortment he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms. Country merchants and dealers generally, are respectfully solicited to call and examine for themselves. They may rest assured that no pains will be spared to give satisfactions both in selecting and packing the ware, and the strictest regard paid to the directions and wishes of those who may favour the establishment with their patronage. jan 2—tf

Durability, Convenience and Economy.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN. This beautiful article can be confidently recommended as possessing every good quality that can be thought of—free from all objections, and combining therewith the utmost convenience, for use and safe at 21 South Seventh street. For durability, convenience and economy, no article of the kind can be compared with it. We challenge any one to point out any essential defect. It is warranted to operate well, and may be returned free of charge if it fails in any thing that we promise of it. One of its valuable properties is, that it requires no skill to cook any thing in it. It is constructed on principles perfectly original, and is made of all sizes, suited to hotels, boarding houses and private families. It will warrant to bake twelve loaves of bread with 3 quarts of Charcoal; to bake beef in fifteen minutes, and all other things in corresponding time. Let such as are sceptical in it, there be any, prove it by trial.

GOLD, FOSTER & Co. 79 Nassau st. New York.
WILLARD JONES, Agent,
21 South Seventh street, Philada.

may 9—6m

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,
And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth.

No. 178 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.

may 7 '35—1y

Ne Plus Ultra.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN, is kept for inspection and sale at No. 21 South Seventh street, by the subscriber. To show how they are appreciated by those who have had them in use for some time, the following certificate is thought sufficient, although many more can be obtained if necessary.

WILLARD JONES.

Philadelphia, June 19th, 1835.

We, the subscribers, having Gold's Union Oven in our, find it to answer fully its recommendations, and cheerfully unite in pronouncing it the first and only substitute for the Brick Oven, calculated to give universal satisfaction.

Yours respectfully
CHARLES P. KEATH, No. 3 North 13th st. cor.
JACOB BUCKEL, No. 18 Lombard street.
WILLIAM EDWARDS, No. 70 Chesnut street.
CHARLES PIROT, No. 15 Washington square.

may 9—6m june 27—3t*

Boarding.

A FEW GENTLEMEN BOARDERS, can be accommodated with board and lodging, by applying at No. 22 Bank street, between 2nd and 3rd and Market and Chesnut streets. june 13—6t*

To Surgical Instrument Makers.

SEVERAL good journeymen are wanted immediately, at the Surgical Instrument Manufactory, corner of Eighth and Zane streets. Also, one first rate forger, as above.

june 27—4t GEO. P. SCHIVELY & Co.

Yellow Springs Hotel
And Boarding House.

THE proprietor of the above named establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that she has her establishment fitted up in complete order, and ready for the reception and accommodation of those herself, from long experience in business, to give satisfaction to all who may be pleased to favour her with a visit. The Baths are in excellent order. It is deemed unnecessary to say any thing further in regard to the mineral qualities of the waters, as they are generally known.

MARGARET HILMAN.

N. B.—A daily communication between the Yellow Springs and Philadelphia, by means of PHILAPP'S line of stages, by the way of the Columbia Rail Road, 28 miles of the distance, when a splendid coach, with grand horses, will be in readiness to convey the passengers to the Springs. The Car will leave Broad street meeting at 8 o'clock A. M. and arrive at the Springs at half-past 12 o'clock. Returning, leave the Springs at half past 8, and arrive in the city at 3 o'clock. Fare thro' $1 25. For seats, apply at the office, the White Swan, Race st. and at Rail Road, Market street above Sixth street.

june 27—6*

Marcellah Burial Ground.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the above Burial Ground, situated at the N. E. corner of Penn and Thirteenth streets, is still open for the reception of interments, at the following rates, viz:—For children under 3 years of age, $2; from 3 to 12 years, $3; and persons 12 years old or upwards, $5; and $1 50 for digging each grave.

Orders for interments may at all times be obtained from either of the following persons, viz:

William Rawle, President, No. 226 Old York Road, 3d door above Wood street.

Charles L. Hunsicker, Vice President, Vine above Broad st. south side.

Thomas W. Newton, Secretary, S. W. corner of Thirteenth and Filbert streets.

Perry Williamson, Treasurer, Northeast corner of Second and Almond streets.

Or to either of the following named Directors:

Robert Gives, N. E. corner of Carpenter and Passyunk road.

David Esser, No. 96 South Fifth street.

Joseph Ellis, No. 156 South Fifth street.

John Thompson, Jr. No. 274 South Fourth street.

William Gaw, No. 206 South Second street.

J. W. Middleton, No. 17 Bank street, 6 on 14th above Race.

John Dare, No. 121 German street.

John Lawrence, S. E. corner of Federal and Second streets.

John D. Brown, No. 59 Cashill streets.

Benjamin Rowland, No. 1 Penn street, (Southwark.)

John Conine, Jr. S. E. corner of Second and South streets.

A careful Superintendent resides on the premises, ready at all times to receive orders for interments, and will give every information required. The ground being well drained, and the Board of Directors have agreed to pause in rendering their Burial Ground a place of safe deposite for all those who may be entrusted to their care.

Members of the Society not having obtained Deeds for their respective lots, and those wishing to make transfers, are requested to call on the President or Secretary, in order that the deeds and transfers may be regularly signed and registered agreeably to our Constitution.

By order of the Board of Directors

mar 14—ow6m THOMAS W. NEWTON, Sec'ry.

Rheumatic Expulsive Cordial,

A Sovereign Remedy for the Gout and Rheumatism.

THE astonishing efficacy of this medicine, in Gout and and Rheumatism, continues to be demonstrated by experience, and it is offered to the public as a Sovereign Remedy for these complaints. The complete success it has given to it may be taken safely, being free from all deleterious drugs. Its power over the diseases for which it is prescribed, is truly wonderful, ever proving an unfailing and permanent remedy in the severest cases. Those who have not confidence to advertised cures, (and it is acknowledged they are often deceptive) are invited to try this, which is believed to be the only cure ever known for Gout and Rheumatism ever discovered. The poor supplied gratis.

Prepared and sold by the Agents,

BLANKMAN & Co.
223 Walnut Street.

mar 14—ow3m

Dr. D. Jayne's

CARMINATIVE BALSAM & HEALTH RESTORATIVE—for Measles, Pleurisies or Acute Chests, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa or Looseness, Dysentery, Sick or Nervous Head-Aches, Infants' Infantum or Summer Complaint, Cholics, Cramps, Pain Bismarks, &c. &c.

TO THE PUBLIC.—As Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam has become so extensively used throughout the United States and West Indies, and is daily adding laurels to its already great celebrity, the proprietor is induced to offer a few remarks on some of the diseases in which it is most useful, and also to give more ample directions for its use. The great success it has had before the public for three or four years past, and has acquired probably a greater degree of popularity than any article ever became introduced to general use. It is recommended as a safe, and more certain remedy in all cases and is carefully compounded, so as to be of uniform strength and consistency. It will keep good for years, and grows more pleasant by age. Children are generally very fond of it, and can be with difficulty taken from it. It is as well adapted to the various complaints of children, that every family should always keep it in their houses, as most families who have used it now do. Sailors and travelling persons should always carry it with them.

The medicine is put up in round bottle moulded phials of 2 and 4 ounces each, with the words "Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam," blown on them, and the written signature of Dr. Jayne on the bottom of each circular, without which none are true. This medicine is not recommended as a "panacea" to cure all diseases to which flesh is heir to," but as a remedy in Diarrhœa, The Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colics, Pain and Nervous Headache. For the summer complaint of children of cautions, it is unrivalled by any other combination of medicine ever used. It has repeatedly effected cures, when every other means had failed, aided by the assistance and skill of the ablest physicians that could be procured. Obstinate Diarrhœas of protracted duration have been removed by the use of a few bottles of it, even after Dysenteries attended, and Cancers Mortbus cured. The success attending the Malignant Cholera have always been triumphant in from one to three instances, and that in cases of dreaded and fatal duration repeatedly cured without the aid of any other article of medicine, long after collapse had taken place, and the patient had every appearance of being on the verge of eternity, when all hope was gone, and physicians took their leave in despair. It has been like a guardian angel, rescuing the distressed and even snatches from the "pale monster's deadly grasp," and restored him to his anxious friends in good health and with renewed energy. In fact its power over spasmodic diseases of every kind, seem to be absolute, as it has never yet been known to fail of giving relief in a few minutes. Griping pains, bowel complaints and looseness of the stomach, &c. are also soon removed by it. Hundreds of sedentary persons can attest to its superior excellence in sick and nervous headaches, as two of three teaspoonfuls generally give relief in the course of half an hour. Children labouring under the Summer Complaint, have been cured in a short time after all known remedies had failed: those too who have been on extreme ly emaciated that their friends gave up all hopes of their recovery, and had ordered their coffins made, have by the use of a few bottles of this medicine, been restored to perfect health, and grown absolutely fat and plump.

For sale by DR. D. JAYNE, sole Proprietor, Salem, N. J. and by Isaac Thompson, corner of Second and Market sts. West's Drug Store, No. 107 Market street, P. Williamson, corner of Second and Almond street, Joseph Rockey, corner of Third and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and by agents in most of the cities in the United States. may 30—3m

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, wishes to inform his friends and the public in general, that he intends to keep on hand at his Store, N. E. corner of 4th and Wood streets, Philadelphia, a general assortment of fresh Drugs and Medicines of the best quality. Patent medicines of all kinds. Dr. Jordan's Balm of Columbia, Dr. Swaim's Panacea, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant for the cure of coughs, colds, asthmas, consumptions, &c. &c.

Lately imported from Hamburgh, Dr. Lang's celebrated German Bitters, for the cure of dyspepsia, debility of the digestive organs, nervous affections of body and mind, hæmorrhoids (or piles) which occasion deafness, hypochondria, giddiness, fluxes, intermittent and inveterate fevers, swellings of the feet, ankles and legs, the stomach, asthma, cachexy of the humors, green sickness, ja